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REPRESENTATIVE ART OF OUR TIME

WITH ORIGINAL ETCHINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS AND REPRODUCTIONS OF OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS, PASTELS, &c.

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME

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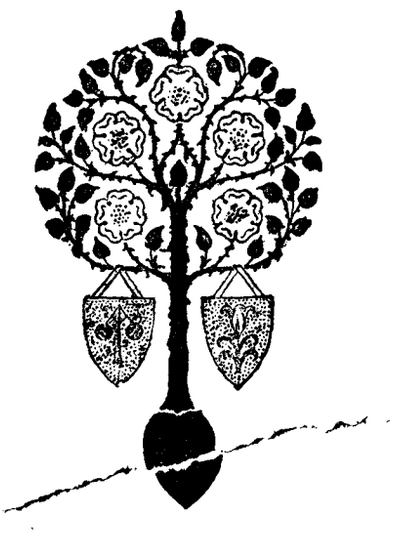

THE MODERN ASPECT OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

IT is quite outside my scope to enter here into the question of the origin of wood-engraving, which has engaged, and still continues to engage, many distinguished pens. But in order to make the point of view which I shall endeavour to state hereafter more easy of comprehension, I must first devote a few brief paragraphs to the history of the art and craft. It is certain that, with the possible exception of stencilling, wood-engraving is the simplest and most obvious of all forms of reproduction of drawings or designs, and it is natural that it should have occurred first to man when he, in regard to the technics of art, was in a primitive state. If a design be drawn in reverse on a block of white wood, and the white parts of the wood be cut away, we have at once an elementary wood block ready for printing. If we ink this and press it on paper, it will in shape and size exactly reproduce the drawing —*i.e.* the uncut parts of the wood which are left standing in relief. It was probably not in Europe, but in Asia, in immemorial China, that the idea of this simple process was born and put into practice. From the East the process seems to have travelled to Germany and the Low Countries, where it found its first European home.

It is perhaps impossible, and, from any save an archæological standpoint, it is unimportant, to ascertain the exact date or purpose of the earliest woodcuts produced in Europe. It has been claimed that playing-cards, which were brought from the East about 1320 and were adorned with rough designs, first introduced the woodcut to this continent. It may be, however, that the rude designs in question were printed by means of stencil, and were not woodcuts at all. Early in the fifteenth century there is no doubt that woodcuts dealing with sacred subjects were scattered about Europe, chiefly in the churches and monasteries.

In the middle of the fifteenth century a new form of wood-engraving arose in France, called the *criblé*, which, speaking roughly, means

punctured with holes. In the wood-block a number of round holes of different dimensions were pierced, each of which, of course, left a white space when the block was printed. For artistic purposes the objections to this method were soon realised, and when shading began to be understood and practised, the *criblé* was seldom used, save in the case of a few minor decorative details, such as borders and colophons.

The so-called "Block Books" of the first half of the fifteenth century, before the invention of movable type in printing, must be noticed in passing. The illustrations with which they were adorned were generally cut upon soft wood of fine grain. Amongst the most famous were the *Biblia Pauperum (circa* 1440*)*; the *Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis*; the *Ars Moriendi (circa* 1450*)*; and the *Canticum Canticorum*. In the cuts in the *Ars Moriendi* we meet with a little shading of a simple and tentative kind, but most of the illustrations of the time depended for their effect entirely upon outline, with the thick and thin line. Towards the end of the century shading becomes more frequent and more elaborate, and cross-hatching is sometimes employed. The first book printed from type which had woodcuts was the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*. The illustrations of this book are far more advanced than those of the *Biblia Pauperum*. The progress is even more marked in the *Navis Stultifera*, printed at Bale about 1497. Two years later than this Aldus published the *Hypnertomachia Poliphili* ("The Dream of Poliphilo") in Venice, which contained the finest wood-engravings produced in Italy during the fifteenth century. In France the art flourished with Simon Vostre and Antoine Verard as its chief exponents. In England during the same period there was no corresponding progress. The cuts in the books printed by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and Pynson, when not crude, are probably the work of foreign artists.

An immense impetus was given to wood-engraving in Germany, and, indeed, throughout Europe, by the genius of Albrecht Dürer (b. 1471, d. 1528) and Hans Holbein (b. 1497, d. 1543). These great men were reinforced by Hans Burkmair, Lucas Cranach, and Hans Lützelburger. The chief performances of Dürer and Holbein are so widely known that

it is unnecessary even to name them here. With Holbein the high-water mark of wood-engraving was reached. Nothing better than the well-known *Dance of Death* series, by Holbein, cut in all probability by Hans Lützelburger, has ever been achieved in the art. The contemporary work of France and Italy certainly does not rival it. The direction given by Dürer and Holbein in the sixteenth century lasted throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It should be noticed here that Dürer did not cut his own blocks, and indeed rarely, if ever, drew on the wood. Many of his drawings might just as well, perhaps better, have been reproduced on steel or copper as by means of wood-blocks. The great body of modern wood-engraving is practically a new art, bearing only the faintest relation to the work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but before we proceed to deal with it we must notice the work of Thomas Bewick, who was born in 1753 and died in 1828. Bewick engraved his own designs, and he is chiefly remarkable for his absolute recognition of the technical possibilities of his process. "In wood-engraving," says Mr. Hamerton, "every cutting prints white, and every space left untouched prints black. Simple black lines are obtained by cutting out white lines or spaces between them, and cross black lines have to be obtained by laboriously cutting out all the white lozenges between them. In Bewick's cuts white lines are abundant, and are often crossed, but black lines are never crossed; he is also quite willing to utilise the black space, as the Japanese wood-engraver and Dürer's master, Wohlgemuth, used to do. The side of the frying-pan in the vignette of the *Cat and the Mouse* is treated precisely on their principles—so precisely, indeed, that we have the line at the edge for a border. In the vignette of the *Fisherman*, at the end of the twentieth chapter of the Memoir, the space of dark shade under the bushes is left quite black, whilst the leaves and twigs, and the rod and line too, are all drawn in pure white lines. Bewick, indeed, was more careful in his adherence to the technical conditions of the art than any of the primitive woodcutters, except those who worked in *criblé*, and who used white lines as well as dots." The practice of Bewick was continued by his pupils and apprentices, who included Robert Johnson, W. W. Temple, and William Hardy; and it was some time before wood-

engravers began to abandon the principle upon which the great master insisted. The white line which Bewick took such enormous pains to preserve was gradually rejected in favour of the black line, and the nineteenth-century school of wood-engraving was thus established.

The most striking thing about wood-engraving in the nineteenth century has been its almost boundless variety. With a total disregard of the proper conventions of the art, the wood-engraver has sought to imitate every conceivable type of drawing and engraving. He has cheerfully produced woodcuts which masquerade as wash-drawings, as etchings, as mezzotints, and as line engravings. The skill which has been lavished on this development is indeed extraordinary, but it is doubtful whether the development was a wise one to begin with. Its popularity was due to the fact that it was cheap and relatively expeditious. Its practical value for the illustration of periodicals was, of course, enormously increased by the invention of compound blocks. Again, photography came to the aid of the wood-engraver. The artist was no longer bound to draw upon the wood, or even on the same scale as was required in the woodcut, for his drawing could be photographed on a wood-block of exactly the right size. In this way valuable original drawings were preserved; but this is almost the only thing gained by this means of proceeding. In its turn the new development of wood-engraving has given way to photographic process, which has now arrived at an amazing state of perfection. It is no part of my purpose here to enter upon the troubled discussion as to the relative merits of the reproduction of a drawing by wood-engraving and process. It seems to me that it has been fairly proved that process gives in nearly all cases as good a result as wood-engraving, and in many cases a better, because a more absolutely accurate one. The period from 1860 to 1870 has been described as "a golden decade of English illustration." Golden it was, but its glory was the outcome of the genius of the illustrators rather than of the skill of the engravers. It seems to me that the magnificent designs of Millais, Walker, Haughton, Pinwell, and the rest might have been reproduced quite adequately by process. I do

not wish for a moment to under-rate or disparage the reproductive wood-engravers of the time. Their ideals were most praiseworthy, their ability remarkable, but I believe that they have been finally displaced by a scientific invention which by its very nature ensures an accuracy impossible to human handicraft. Be all this as it may, there is no sign at present of any revival of reproductive wood-engraving as an ordinary means of illustration. Such able exponents of the craft as W. J. Linton, the Dalziels, J. W. Whymper, Edmund Evans, J. Greenaway, W. J. Palmer, and James Cooper do not seem likely to have many successors, although a comparatively young man, Mr. W. Biscombe Gardener, has carried on their methods with excellent results.

I have tried to show that wood-engraving is an art by itself, with strict conventions of its own ; and it is now time to inquire what is its position to-day, and what its prospect in the future. Unless wood-engraving reverts to its earlier and purer style, I think it stands very little chance of anything like genuine prosperity and fertility in the days to come. The time, as we have seen, has gone by when it can exist merely as a reproductive method. It must in future live by reason of its own inherent merits or not at all ; and in order that this may be the case it is imperative that artists should not only draw on the wood, but that they should cut their own blocks. The fine woodcut will then be looked upon as a work of art in the same way as we now regard the auto-lithograph and the original as opposed to the reproductive etching. It seems to me that there will be a public for what for convenience I will call the "auto-woodcut." The immense interest in Bewick, the great prices paid for his productions, point clearly to the fact that wood-engraving in its legitimate form has still many admirers.

There are not wanting signs that in England a revival of this beautiful craft is quite within the bounds of probability. Lovers of wood-engraving owe much to William Morris, who adorned some of his Kelmscott publications with woodcuts which assuredly would have satisfied the craftsmen of the fifteenth century. In the noble edition of "Chaucer" he secured the co-operation of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. But it is to be observed that

the "Chaucer" cuts are in no sense reproductions of Sir Edward's drawings; they are, if one may so express it, translations of those drawings by Mr. Catterson Smith into the terms of wood-engraving, so that Mr. W. H. Hooper might cut them. Other designs by Burne-Jones for woodcuts in various Kelmscott editions were re-worked from photographic copies by Mr. Fairfax Murray, Mr. Catterson Smith, and others. Under the inspiration of William Morris, the students of the Birmingham Municipal School of Art produced a "Book of Carols" with wood-engravings which they drew and cut themselves. While one may esteem highly the effort which Morris made, and its valuable result, it is necessary to point out that his aim was a strictly limited one. His desire was to illustrate ancient books, or books ancient in their tendency, in appropriately ancient fashion. He induced artists and craftsmen in the nineteenth century to produce woodcuts in the spirit and style of the fifteenth century. The idea succeeded well enough in the case of the poems of Chaucer, but obviously it could not be properly applied to books in the modern spirit, such as the novels of Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy. The Kelmscott Press naturally calls to mind the Vale Press, which has been worked on lines which, if not similar, are at least analogous. Some of the artists who gave so ungrudgingly of their talent and time to make the Vale Press the great artistic success it was, conceived their illustrations as woodcuts and themselves executed them. But here again the spirit in which they worked was generally the spirit of a by-gone age. I am far from wishing to dogmatise, but the thought comes to me that the majority of the illustrations which we are now considering might have been reproduced by process quite as well as by wood-engraving, that indeed the employment of wood-engraving was a matter of luxury rather than of real artistic necessity. This does not by any means apply to all the woodcuts of Mr. C. Ricketts, Mr. Reginald Savage, and Mr. Lucien Pissaro. Again, Mr. W. Nicholson has given something like a new direction to wood-engraving, in which he proved himself the possessor of original talent.

I cannot attempt minutely to discuss the position of the art in foreign countries, but before I conclude this sketch I must refer briefly to what is taking place abroad. In Germany, before photographic process came

into general use, the splendid drawings of that great master of illustration, Adolf von Menzel, were cut with great care and skill by A. and O. Vogel, F. Ungelmann, H. Müller, and E. Kretzchmar. The interest which was taken in the art a few years ago is proved by the publication of a magazine entirely devoted to it, entitled *Meisterwerke der Holzschneidekunst*, to which Hofel of Vienna, Pfnorr of Darmstadt, Weber of Leipsic, and many others contributed. It would be very regrettable if wood-engraving were to die out in the fatherland of Holbein and Dürer; but, looking to the general revival in the arts and crafts in Germany during the last few years, this is happily not likely to be the case.

In modern wood-engraving France has occupied a less prominent position than she has attained in other arts. Very fine work has, however, been done by M. Pisan, who proceeded for the most part on the lines of Bewick. A development the value of which is more questionable is that of M. Derbier, who devoted immense pains to the reproduction on wood of old line engravings on steel and copper. The ability and devotion of this artist are not to be gainsaid, but they might, as I think, have been used to greater advantage. A recent exhibition at M. Sagot's well-known gallery in Paris has brought into prominent notice the work of a wood-engraver of altogether unusual talent, M. Paul Colin. "M. Colin works," says M. Gustave Geffroy, "as worked the early engravers of the fifteenth century, carving his blocks with the same regard for general form, but at the same time he differs from them in so much as he strives to express his subjects completely by the aid of every possible effect and by every *nuance* of light and shade." M. Colin, who usually cuts his blocks with an ordinary penknife, never oversteps the proper convention of wood-engraving, but within that convention he seems to have full scope for his charming artistic fancy and for his gift of acute observation. He has produced woodcuts inspired by the *Divina Commedia*, the *Second Faust*, and Zola's *La Terre*. Such wood-engravings as those of M. Colin seem to me to point the direction in which the art may reasonably be expected to develop in the future. He seeks to imitate no other art, but, so to speak, conceives his subject in wood as a painter conceives his in paint.

The Modern Aspect of Wood-Engraving.

All who are interested in the craft will look to M. Colin's future productions with intense interest. He is not alone in France in the attitude which he has taken up. It seems to me that his attitude is more satisfactory than that of M. Felix Vallotton, to whom nevertheless we owe not a few woodcuts which display both power and originality.

In Holland, which is once more in the van of artistic progress, the art of wood-engraving has not been neglected. Perhaps the most able and interesting recent work is that of J. G. Veldheer and W. O. J. Nieuwenkamp. They do not carry their subjects so far as M. Colin; they are more closely related in spirit and in style to the men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries than is the French artist. Their work, however, exhibits the same clear recognition of the essential qualities of wood-engraving. The magazines of the United States, some time ago, proved the existence of a large number of reproductive wood-engravers of really astonishing ability. The best known of these is Mr. Timothy Cole, whose renderings of the chief pictures of the Old Masters are in their way quite without rivals. The spirit of artistic sympathy and discernment with which Mr. Cole is endowed is even more noteworthy than his patience and his technical mastery.

I trust that I have said enough to make my view of the future of wood-engraving clear. As a mere reproductive process for the ordinary purposes of illustration, I believe that its sun has set. It will doubtless be employed from time to time to illustrate special publications, such as those of the Kelmscott Press, of great price and limited appeal. But I am not without hopes that it will come to be esteemed for its own sake on account of its inherent qualities. The fine wood-engraving will then take its place by the side of the etching and the auto-lithograph. When the collector and the virtuoso have welcomed it, it will no doubt become popular with that great number of people who, while they do not pretend to special knowledge, desire to surround themselves with things of beauty.

CHARLES HIATT.

ETCHING

"ST. GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS"

AN ORIGINAL PLATE ETCHED
EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY

EDGAR CHAHINE.

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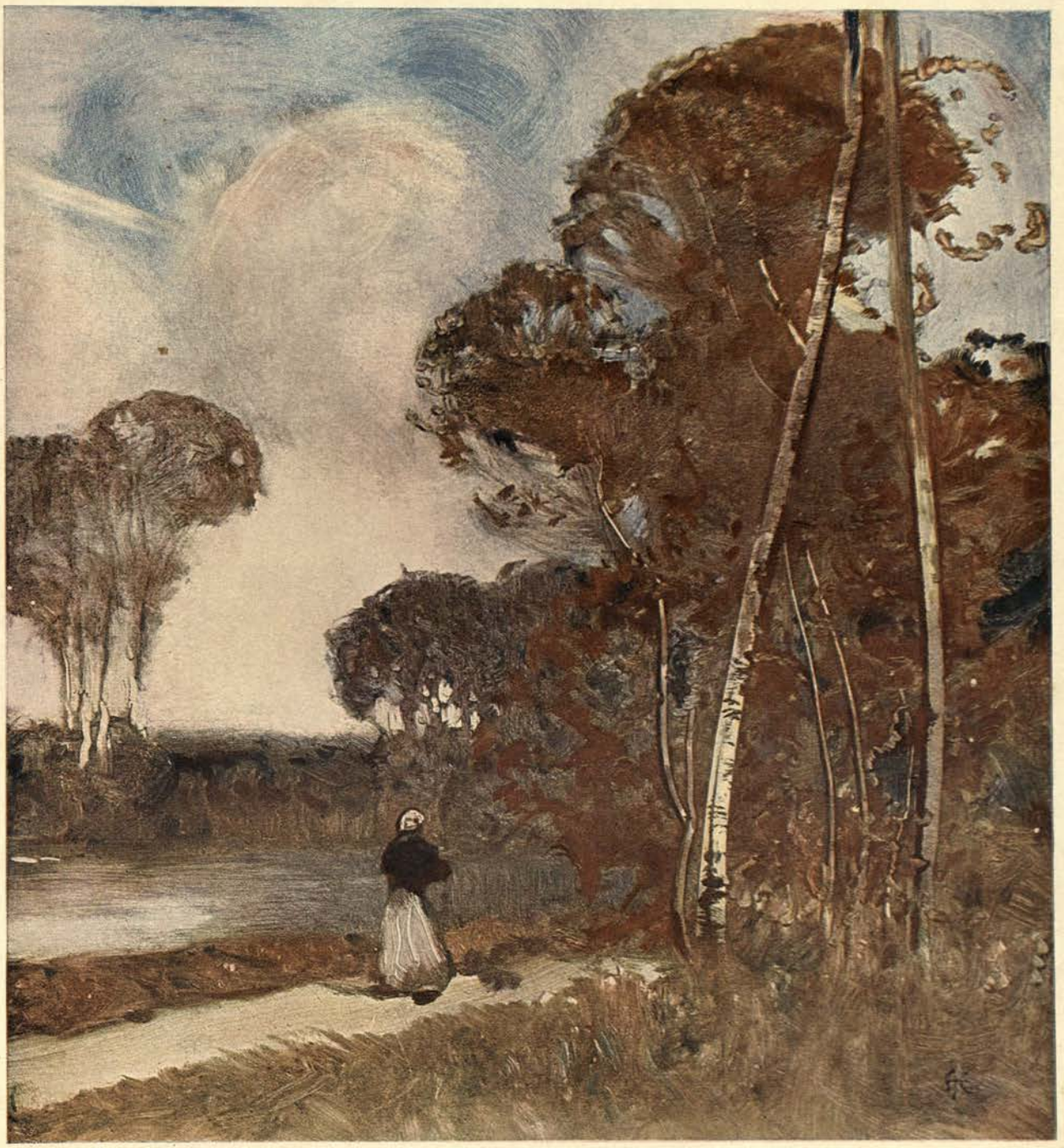
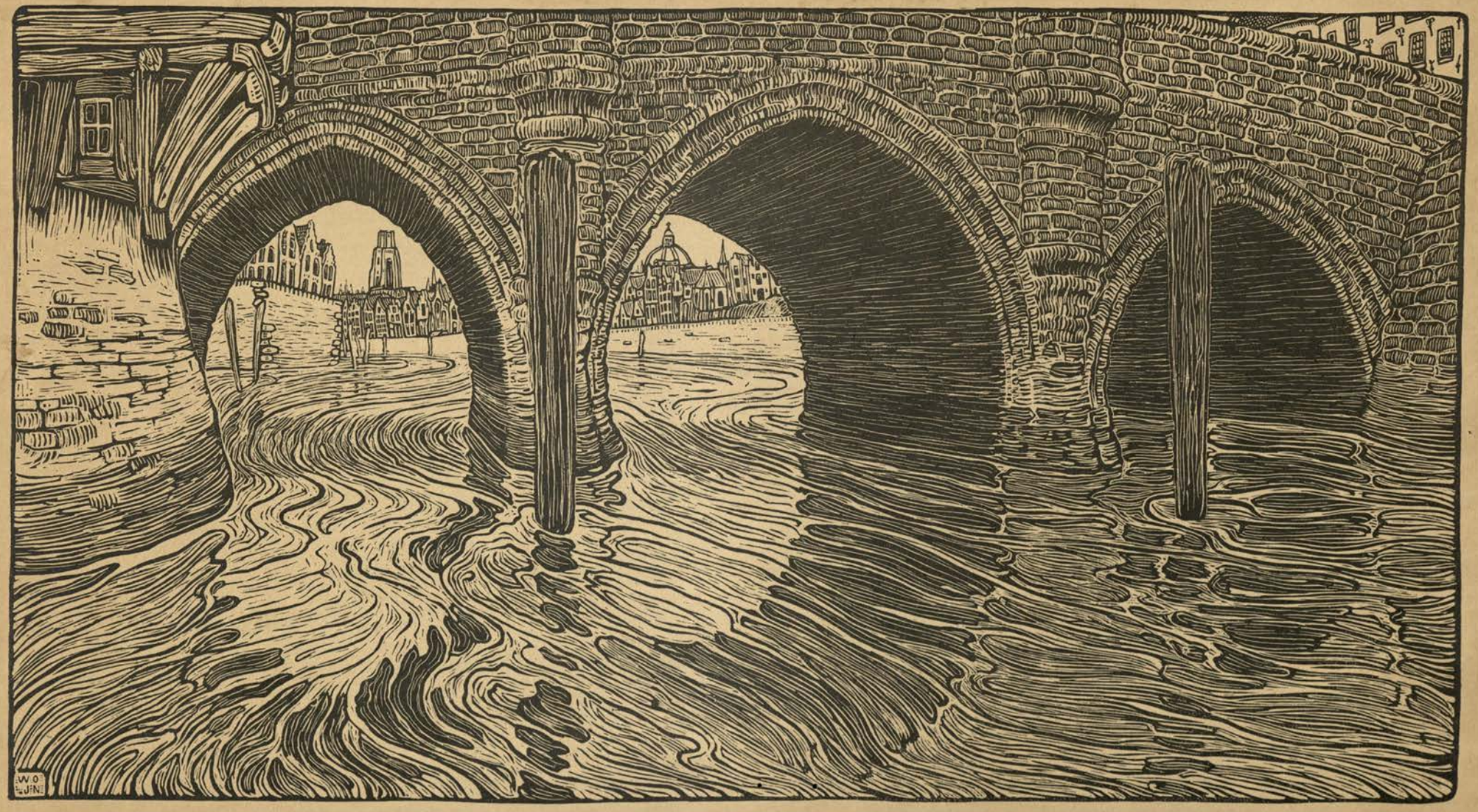
SAINT-GERMAIN-L'AUXERROIS



Aman Jean

W.O.
J.IN.



THE MODERN ASPECT OF ARTISTIC LITHOGRAPHY.

A FEW years ago, or, to be accurate—and unless one is accurate as to dates and other trivialities, one's remarks, nowadays, are considered worthless—nine years ago, a serious attempt was made in this country to create an interest in artistic lithography. It was not the first attempt—even I can play the historian of art when necessary, a much-vaunted accomplishment—for, from the time of Senefelder until the present, lithography has developed artistically, when it has developed at all, only by fits and starts. But I am not writing a history of the art; I have already helped to do so, and the large folio may be found, I suppose, on the shelves of the British Museum.

Now, I would refer more especially to the later English efforts, the forerunners, as far as important work goes, of the essays in all other countries. For these the well-known printer Mr. Thomas Way is chiefly responsible. For Mr. Way has continuously preached and, to use his own word, "professed" artistic lithography, and done his utmost to persuade artists, particularly distinguished artists, to practise it. In this he has been extraordinarily successful; but his successes have been spasmodic. He commenced away back in the early Seventies, with a series of lithographs by Sir James Linton, Charles Green, and others, and not only do these prints show that anyone, who can draw, can make a lithograph, but some are of considerable merit. Mr. Way also interested a far more eminent artist, Mr. Whistler, who, according to Mr. T. R. Way's Catalogue of Mr. Whistler's Lithographs, did his first work in 1878. But it cannot be said that even Mr. Whistler's lithographs were appreciated. In fact, in those days there were not many people rash enough to believe in Mr. Whistler, and, for a long time, a contemplated portfolio was not issued. Nor, when it did appear a few years later, was its reception astonishing. Lithography had no place any longer in the Royal Academy of Arts, which had never encouraged

it since the time of Lane, and the Royal Academy still represented art in England. Pariahs like Alfred Stevens, Rossetti, and Whistler were not taken seriously, which was their salvation. To be taken seriously in England is death to anyone. As a method of book illustration, lithography had long before been superseded by wood-engraving, which, in its turn, was soon to give way to process. In the Seventies, little or nothing of an artistic nature, with the few exceptions I have mentioned, was accomplished, or, at any rate, preserved. But Mr. Way persevered; Mr. Whistler continued to make an occasional print; so, I believe, did Professor Legros, Mr. George McCulloch, Mr. Holloway, Mr. T. R. Way. In France and Germany things were in a much livelier state; for in France, where Fantin Latour was the artistic leader, lithography was and, as a matter of fact, always had been officially recognised at the Salon. In Germany, Menzel never quite gave up work on the stone. But, despite all this, for many years artistic lithography was not practised to any extent, save by a very few artists. They lithographed because the medium pleased them, not to be fashionable, nor with any idea of encouraging or patronising it.

But here it was not until 1893, when Mr. T. R. Way, then quite unknown to nearly all of us, gave a lecture at the Art Workers' Guild and a practical demonstration, at which some of us assisted, that we learned what artistic lithography was. True, as I have already said, work, and fine work, was being done. Several of the prints, which were later published in the *Albemarle*, THE STUDIO, and various portfolios, had been made before, while the giddy little *Whirlwind*, which appeared just when it was beginning in England to be the correct thing to know Mr. Whistler as an artist, issued several of his lithographs, and these some of us had the good fortune to pick up for less than the price of waste paper, so completely were they neglected at the time. But from the memorable evening at the Art Workers' Guild may be said to date one of the latest revivals of artistic lithography in this country. It then became the fashion, for there are fashions and seasons in art as in tops or any other sport, only these seasons do not recur with the same unvarying monotony

and stupid regularity to which the child is made to accustom itself, because the parent knows no better. Artists went to work madly. There was another reason for their renewed enthusiasm—the improvement in lithographic paper. Until some time in the Eighties lithographic paper had been nasty, greasy, messy stuff, as unpleasant to the artist almost as the carrying about with him of a fearfully heavy stone. And yet he had either to use this paper or to carry the stone if he wished to work from Nature. As soon as the quality of the paper was improved, artists generally took to it for out-of-door work. For this new resurrection of lithography the starting of THE STUDIO was largely responsible. If I remember rightly, in the very first number was printed a lithograph by Mr. Robert Macbeth, and it was followed by a long series to which several of us have had the honour to contribute. Lithographs began to be hung in exhibitions, the Royal Academy in this matter making itself monumentally ridiculous—if, at least, that were more possible than usual. Experiments in colour were tried. Everybody was lithographing. And the influence of THE STUDIO was felt even more on the Continent. It was an incentive to illustrators, who sought the method by which their work, when multiplied, retained most completely its autographic quality. A new venture, *Jugend*, appeared in Munich, and amazingly clever lithographs—sometimes alone, sometimes in combination with process and various "tricks"—were used for the weekly decoration of its cover and the illustration of its pages. It looked almost as if lithography were about to become as popular as it had been in the days of Charlet and Raffet, Gavarni and Daumier.

And not only this. A few years later came the centenary of Senefelder's invention, the exact date of which, until Mrs. Pennell and I definitely settled it, nobody seemed to be sure of. The uncertainty was made the excuse for a succession of exhibitions in France, Germany, England, and America, extending over three or four years, while several very clever people, foreseeing what they thought was the coming boom, produced portfolios, books and pamphlets—bait for the collector and the amateur. The results hardly equalled their expectations, and,

after the first excitement, only a few artists continued to occupy themselves with the art—a fact that proved their interest at least to be genuine and the method artistic. Some went so far as to purchase presses and set up printing shops of their own. Some brought out portfolios that were not merely commercial speculations. Mr. Whistler, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Way, have all issued collections of their prints. I also have done what I could. And it must be remembered that during the period of which I speak, Mr. Whistler was producing some of his most masterly work in this medium : one lithograph after another of London, wonderful impressions of the river and its bridges, of Kensington Gardens, of theatres, butchers' shops, little old churches. It was the period, too, of his Lyme Regis series—the picturesque town with its climbing street and Sunday crowds, its fairs and smithies—and of his later series of portraits. He was also experimenting in colour, using it with a refinement, a restraint that was in itself a reproach to the startling performances of the very newest champions of the art. But recently Mr. Whistler seems to have abandoned lithography, for the time anyway. The portfolios of other artists have been fewer and fewer in number, until now Mr. T. R. Way alone continues to publish his work.

The very enthusiasm for artistic lithography made its great defect, its great drawback, at once apparent. I am absolutely certain that it is solely because of this drawback artistic lithography has never been, and, as far as I can see, never will be, generally practised. It is the expense, and nothing else, that discourages artists. There is no difficulty whatever in the method. There is no difference between drawing with lithographic chalk or ink on the stone or paper and drawing with any other chalk or ink on any other surface. At least, the differences are so slight and the requirements are so simple that any artist of intelligence can master them in no time. The making of wash drawings on the stone is a much less easy matter, and my one or two attempts did not result in even magnificent failure. But this method of work is comparatively seldom practised. The minute an artist, or all artists I know, have begun to lithograph, they have, for a time, gone at it furiously. Drawings were

made, certainly in my own case, with frantic enthusiasm, upon paper, stone, zinc, aluminium, and I forget how many other things. Speaking of zinc reminds me that my first published essay was a lithograph drawn with a pen on a zinc plate when I was a schoolboy in America, a fact that may be of use to future historians. The printers were quite as excited as I was. But there came a day of reckoning. A bill was presented. My enthusiasm suddenly cooled. And, really, this is the whole secret of the trouble. Printers, naturally, cannot be expected to work for nothing; but the drawing on stone or paper is simply a drawing until they have etched and printed it. Nothing could be more delightful than to record something seen, on paper or stone, and multiply it by rushing to the printer's, there to find Mr. Way and Mr. Goulding equally enthusiastic. Nothing could be more fascinating and instructive than to watch, as you can in the case of Mr. Goulding, the whole process from beginning to end. But when you get a bill for your pleasure as long as your arm, you are apt to look upon lithography as something not to be played with unless you are a millionaire. I do not wish anything I say to be taken as a propaganda for an artistic strike, or as a protest against the charges of the lithographic printer, which, no doubt, are what they should be. The matter, in a nutshell, is this: lithographic chalk costs a shilling a box, or maybe sixpence, I forget exactly how much; the ink costs about the same—or, more likely, the printer will furnish you with the necessary materials for nothing. The stones are loaned when stones are preferred, and nowadays almost any sort of paper can be used to draw on. The actual making of the drawing, therefore, is as simple and cheap as the making of a pencil sketch or a pen drawing. But I believe I am revealing no trade or artistic secrets when I say that for the preparation and printing of a few proofs of this drawing as a lithograph, you will have to pay, I think, about a guinea. Consequently, if you wish a record of a week's sketching, you may find yourself in for a little bill of twenty pounds. Here you have the one serious drawback. The multiplication of lithographic drawings is not, like the printing of etchings, an artistic

process; it is a purely mechanical and much more tedious and cumbrous matter. It can present no attraction to artists, and the few I know who did set up presses quickly abandoned them. I think I should somewhat qualify this statement, because I believe if artists were to pay as much attention to the printing of lithographs as they do to the printing of etchings, probably as interesting results could be obtained by elaborate wiping, and the leaving of more or less ink upon the stone. Mr. Goulding has, I am told, attempted this, but I know of no artist who has done so, and the fixing and etching are best left to the skilled lithographic printer.

Again, at the present time there is no possibility of publishing one's work in this country save in THE STUDIO, or in such portfolios as Mr. Whistler, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Way, and myself have already made. But, as I have pointed out, the publishing of these portfolios has almost ceased, so little inducement is there for the artist to produce them. Collectors, except in rare cases, refuse, with the stupidity characteristic of their race, to interest themselves in lithographs. Dealers, as a rule, will have nothing to do with them, and the average collector is governed, not by his judgment, but by his dealer.

It may be asked, What has all this got to do with art? But it is one of the occasions when commercial conditions have got a great deal to do with art. It may also be asked whether the case is not similar to that of etching. Certainly not. An artist goes to a shop and buys a copper plate, which, if it is big enough, may cost him a guinea. It usually is so small that he pays only a few shillings for it. Having grounded the plate, he makes the drawing, bites it himself, and, if he does much etching, he has his own press and he prints himself; or, at any rate, the printer will charge him a very small sum for a proof. Once he has a proof, he knows what is in the plate, which is his own property, and can be printed from at any time he wants. On the other hand, with lithography the artist either must have his drawing transferred to the stone, for if he does not do so the drawing cannot be multiplied, and, unless it is quickly put on the stone, it happens sometimes that it

cannot be transferred at all, as the fatty substance in the ink or the paper may dry up or decay, when the drawing becomes worthless for printing; or, if the drawing is made upon the stone, he must have it fixed and etched before it can be printed. Moreover, the artist does not own, or rarely owns, the stones or the alcographic plates upon which his drawings are made. If he did, and if he produced two or three hundred lithographs, he would require a specially built warehouse or a stoneyard to keep them in. It would be like having a gallery of paving stones. In the case of the aluminium plates, the company that runs this very interesting method, Alcography, is hedged about with so many patent rights and other complications that you rarely can own them, and, if you do, you need some sort of licence before you can print from the metal. The ordinary lithographer also has a profound objection to the artist who makes lithographs, for your genuine "lithographic artist"—his own description of himself—is frequently not a person with any knowledge of art, but a machine that belongs to a trades-union, possesses a vote, and is therefore encouraged by County Councillors, Technical Boards, and other eminent busybodies. And so it will be seen that if artistic lithography has so far not appealed continuously to artists, it is due to the fact that they cannot do the work themselves except at a considerable initial expense for a printing press, and a loss of time in the inartistic matter of etching and printing. If they go to a professional printer they must pay a price which, unless they have some prospect of disposing of their work, renders their practice of the art to any extent an extravagance. Yet, if an artist has a commission to make a lithograph, the expense is trivial, for the printing of an edition costs very much less than the printing of an edition of an etching. But the difficulty is that he cannot have even the slightest lithograph without paying for it. Experimenting and practice, both indispensable, become impossible without a considerable monetary outlay.

This, I think, is the only case in which art work of such high distinction, of such direct artistic expression, of such remarkable simplicity, is rendered prohibitive to artists owing to purely commercial reasons. A

sculptor would rarely go to the expense of having a sketch in clay cast in bronze or carved in marble unless it were definitely commissioned. But he may show his sketch in clay. The lithographer cannot exhibit the stone or paper on which his drawing is made, for the drawing is not then a lithograph. It is the very simplicity of the art which seems to have rendered its popularity among artists impossible. If a tax of one guinea were imposed upon every sketch that is produced, it would be a very good thing for the art of the future. But it is most unfortunate that artistic lithography alone should be burdened, quite unavoidably, with such a tax, for this really is the great reason why so fascinating a form of art cannot be more generally practised. Unless publishers, collectors, and dealers are willing to encourage this most beautiful, most individual, most original method, I see no way in which the tax can be removed, for printers must live. Personally, I would be only too glad to make many of my illustrations in lithography. But I have tried the experiment, and I simply find I cannot afford it.

All this may sound like a tremendous tirade against artistic lithography, and lithographic printers. It is nothing of the sort. I regard artistic lithography as one of the most individual methods of expression, and I regret that commercial considerations prevent artists and printers from devoting themselves to it as zealously as they would like. Much as has been said about commercialism in art, it would be difficult for any of the prophets who have dinned this subject into our ears to find a more genuine case in which that, mostly, bogey does necessarily dominate a branch of the Fine Arts, and so hinder its practice.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

MEZZOTINT

"THE BATHER"

AN ORIGINAL PLATE BY

MAX PIETSCHMANN

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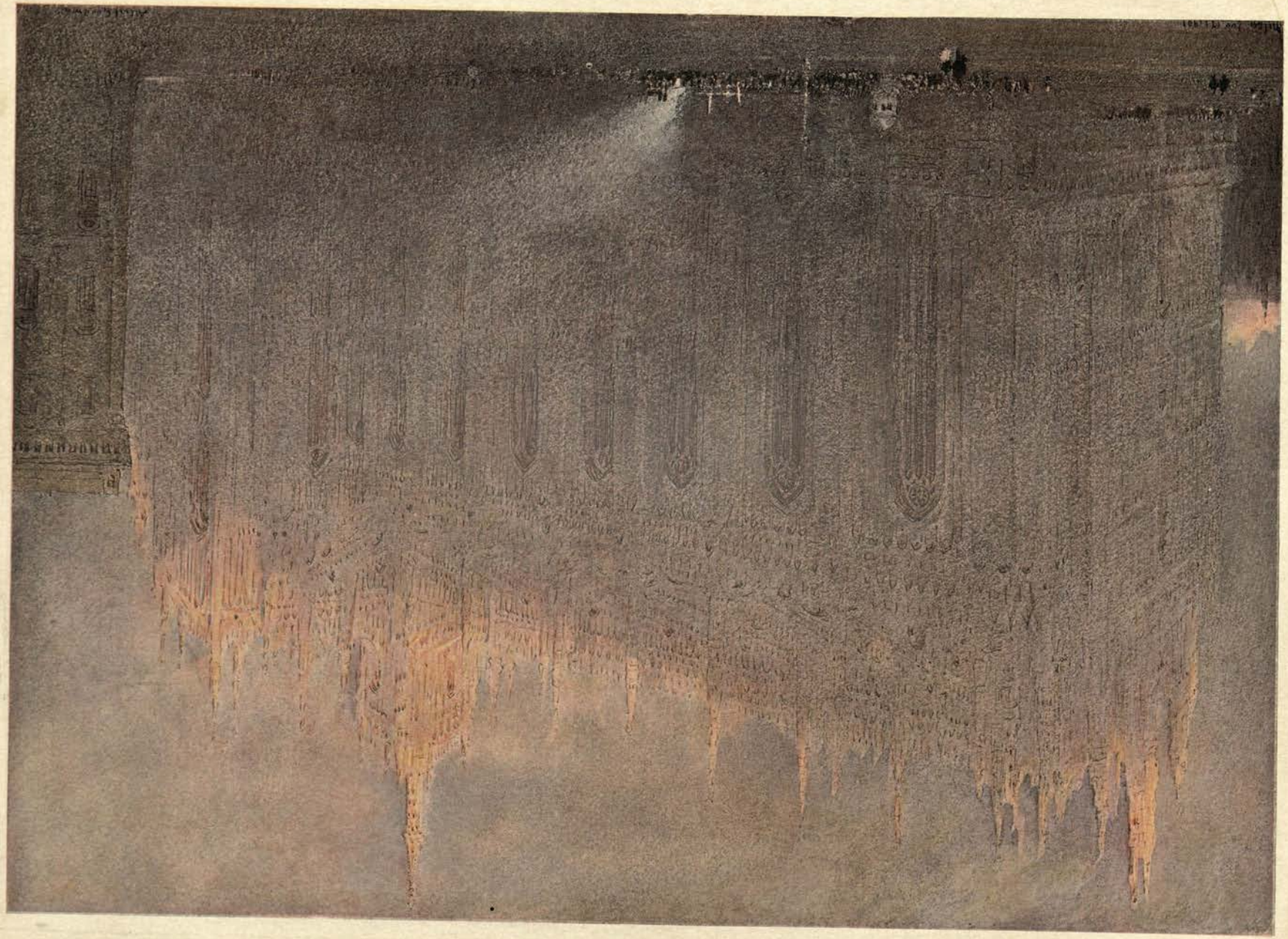


Heliog. FORTIER & MAROTTE Paris

THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF OIL-PAINTING.

IT is, of course, a truism to say that it is almost impossible for a critic to speak with finality concerning any form of the art of his own day; impossible, that is, to anticipate the verdict of those later students who will regard the work of to-day in its true perspective as related to that which has gone before. The critic of the future may have the same canons of art to guide him as we have at present, the same beauties may be appreciated, the same failings condemned; but it is equally possible that the reverse may be the case. Our admitted standards of achievement and our accepted bases of endeavour may in the course of a couple of generations undergo a complete change—new methods may come, new ideals arise, even another conception of the function of art may be preached. Or, again, it is quite within the bounds of probability that, as so many things move in cycles, future generations may revert to the tastes of bygone years. Guido Reni may have his turn once more; copies of Italian masterpieces may please our progeny, as they pleased our ancestors, better than the original works of other schools; and the barbarous Dutchmen (as they were esteemed in the days of the Italian vogue) may be relegated once again to the background, to the limbo of dwindled reputations.

There is no absolute in criticism, and no standard in artistic accomplishment that shall exist for all time and be accepted by all who care for art. For all criticism, be it of literature, of music, of painting, or of life, is but the expression of an individual judgment. *Tot homines quot sententiæ* is a saying as true as it is old. The man who says that Beethoven is an infinitely greater musician than Wagner is just as likely to be right as he who asserts the contrary, and no one of us can deliver a final and decisive judgment; we can but take sides. And so it is as regards the sister art of painting. All criticism must necessarily be the honest and thoughtful opinion that is the outcome of a cultured

and balanced mind; no more. Æsthetic criticism is far from being a science; it is purely personal, quite tentative, and in no sense final. And a very good thing too!

But although the standards of the future may not be our standards, and although the output (if a commercial term may be allowed) of the painter in the years to come may be utterly alien in character from any of the work to-day, it may fairly be claimed that to the student of the history of art (if not to the carper who would fain measure all men's achievement by his own inelastic yardstick, however varied the aims or aspirations), the last third of the Nineteenth Century in Britain will always seem a time of the richest fruitfulness—a time when much work was accomplished that will bear comparisom with anything that belongs to the years that have gone before it. The close of the Eighteenth Century was a similar period in the history of the art of our islands—a period of achievement entirely unsurpassed, a wonderful time of accomplishment of the very highest order. The art of portraiture in the hands of Reynolds and Gainsborough reached a height of strength and charm unsurpassed since. Romney and Hoppner carried on the line, and it ended for a time in the superb and masterly work of Raeburn. In landscape, Gainsborough the doubly great, Morland the spontaneous genius, and Wilson, now slowly being recognised for the great artist that he was, laid the foundations of a school peculiarly our own—a school that later was to reach its culmination in the strength and vigour of Constable, and the unparalleled achievements of Turner.

In these days, when the critic, the dealer, and the buyer, each in his own way, plays the part of *laudator temporis acti*, it may seem odd to suggest that the painters of to-day are doing work every whit as fine as that of a hundred years ago. It may be said that the test of the market price shows such an idea to be baseless. But is it cultured appreciation of artistic value that causes the inflated prices of the saleroom to-day? Are not these prices rather due to the vulgar and ostentatious rivalry of the merely wealthy, desiring to possess that which, if they own it, their neighbour cannot display? In truth, they are not

due to real connoisseurship at all; they are the result of a vogue that is based, of course, on the genuine appreciation of the critic, but a vogue that degenerates into a fashion, a cult fostered by the dealer, who finds there are many more shekels to be made by catering for the vaingloriousness of a certain type of rich man than are to be earned from the honest lover of the beautiful.

It would, of course, be futile to compare in detail the work of to-day with that of a century ago—to balance the achievement of this painter against the accomplishment of that—but in the generations to come it is far from impossible that Millais and Watts may rank beside Reynolds and Gainsborough. Our living portrait painters, our Sargents and Shannons and Whistlers, are no less accomplished as painters than the great dead masters were; they are not lacking in insight into character or in perception of beauty and grace; they render textures as skilfully and they produce as beautiful, and often more daring, arrangements of colour. And the patrons who employ their talents, looking upon their pictures as a first-class pecuniary investment for the benefit of the unborn generations of their descendants, will probably prove to have been exceedingly well advised. We live in a less reposeful age than did our ancestors; we need more highly-spiced dishes than our great-grandfathers; and some of the fashionable work of to-day seems crude and coarse beside the portraits of such a painter as Raeburn. But Millais was not so far wrong when he said that Time and varnish were the two real old masters, and the silent passing of a few score years will mellow and subdue tints and pigments that to-day seem garish and unrefined; while it may well be that, in the strenuousness and rush of life, our outworn descendants, demanding even more mental stimulant than we do, may deem refined and harmonious many works that to-day seem over-brilliant and unrestrained.

Portraiture has here been spoken of first, because, after all, it may be fairly claimed that a great portrait is an unsurpassable work of art. Portrait painting demands the very highest qualities if it is to be anything beyond the common-place, and calls for far higher mental powers than

any other form of pictorial art; while involving just as much technical knowledge and skill as did the "history pictures" that our forebears deemed the highest manifestations of the painter's abilities. But if we turn to landscape art we shall again find that the period chosen, the last third of the Nineteenth Century, has produced work in the highest degree notable. The names of George Mason, Cecil Lawson, and Henry Moore come at once to mind; and there are many others. It is, of course, true that Turner stands by himself, unique, unsurpassed, nor can we claim to have a landscape painter to place alongside Constable; but the work of many of our artists in this *genre*, La Thangue and Stott, for instance, and to name no others, bears evidence of the highest powers.

But there is a phase of art that is more peculiarly the outcome of our own days—a phase that is almost unrepresented among the work of our more practical and less thoughtful—one might almost say less neurotic —ancestors. The imaginative art of Rossetti, of Watts, of Waterhouse, would seem to have had no counterpart a century ago. There was Blake, of course, who strove to do more than is possible with pigment and pencil; there was Fuseli, with his theatric fancy; but there was no group of painters who sought deliberately to paint a poem, to make the unreal true, to appeal not only to the eye, but to the soul as well. The work of Watts in such pictures as *Hope* and *Love and Death;* the work of Rossetti in such canvases as *Veronica Veronese;* of Burne-Jones in *Laus Veneris;* of Waterhouse in *Hylas and the Nymphs;* these had no forerunners: and such great creative and romantic canvases are among the most precious and the most characteristic treasures of the great garner-house that holds the harvest of the art of the past century.

Regarding the art of to-day in the light of that of a century ago, it is easy to see where we stand. But when we come to consider the trend of painting, when we try to deduce the possibilities of the future from the certainties of the past and the present, very different questions arise. When we ask what of novelty, what of progress, will the artists of the future show us, when we seek to know the lines of the development of painting, before an answer can be framed, other questions must

be asked. From the fact that there are in our art of to-day elements that were not present in that of our grandfathers, we are perhaps justified in anticipating that the future will produce new features, will have characteristics that we do not possess to-day. But whether there will be an advance in the immediate future is quite open to doubt. Art moves in cycles, the period of decadence succeeds the epochs of growth and fruition; anti-climax follows triumph; and it may be that many of us who regard with interest the trend of contemporary painting are doomed to see it become once more as banal and mediocre as much of the work that is nowadays classed under the somewhat vague and meaningless term, "Early Victorian." It is, of course, sincerely to be hoped not; but it is a possibility to be faced.

But supposing that progress is to be the order of the future, that the strength of the current of art is not to lose itself in a morass or to be dissipated in futile backwaters, before we ask ourselves what will our successors do that will be fresh, we must ask yet another question, "What of novelty have we ourselves done?" And to many of us it seems that the answer must be that we have compassed but little that our forbears did not. True it is, as has been before noted, that the artistic phase of which Rossetti's work is the best type, is a development that we may fairly claim as belonging to the years that are immediately past; but the true Pre-Raphaelism, as practised by Millais and his *confreres*, was admittedly but a return to a simpler and purer creed than that which then held the field. The work of the "Glasgow School" was another revolt that was really nothing but a reversion to ideals that had been worshipped long before; and Impressionism can scarcely claim to be a movement of to-day, when we consider that it was one of the essentials of Gainsborough's landscape art. There have been other attempts at new methods, new gospels, but all such seem to most of us who take the larger view of art movements to be entirely sporadic outbursts that have their day and cease to be. They are quite justifiable if considered as reactions from the banal and the trite; but they are, as a rule, loaded with catchwords and overburdened with shibboleths; and

they affect the main current of art but very slightly. The grafting of Japanese treatment on to Occidental subjects, that marks the interesting and individual art of Hornel, for instance, is an entirely personal manifestation; the original methods of Mancini are scarcely likely to have many followers; and the same may be said of most of these artistic vagaries.

Technically we have made no advance, and it is scarcely likely that we shall in the future evolve fresh methods of using brushes and paint to produce other and greater results than those compassed in the past. Van Eyck and Matsys, Dürer and Holbein, Rembrandt and Hals, Angelo and Giorgione, Titian and Velasquez—none of our painters have surpassed these earlier masters of the brush in their various styles. Our colour is not richer, our composition is not finer, our achievement is not more vital. It may be that in the emotion of landscape, the crystallising of the sentiment of a fleeting moment, the seizing of some elusive effect, we do to-day what was not done a century ago; and we perhaps concern ourselves more with problems of atmosphere; but we do nothing that Turner could not, and did not, accomplish. Take, as an instance, the faculty of transcribing into terms of paint the effects of light that nature shows, the power of producing that luminous quality in a picture that conveys the aspect of light itself. It goes without saying that the most accomplished of our modern men have not in this quality approached the splendid creations of Turner; and it is doubtful if they surpass the achievements of one of the primitive fathers of their art, Hubert van Eyck, in his picture of *The Three Maries at the Holy Sepulchre.*

Earlier in this essay it was claimed that in portraiture there are men of our generation whose work is as fine as any that has gone before; but in portrait painting as in landscape it must be admitted, when we look at the past, that though we may approach our predecessors we have not moved beyond them. That is an inevitable conclusion. And seeing that since the days of Rembrandt no greater master has arisen, it is hardly to be expected that we shall make any advance—at any rate in the direction of technical excellence.

The Future Development of Oil-Painting.

The present field of art is so wide as to subject, and the technical skill of painters has for three hundred years shown so little progress, that much advance does not seem very possible in the future. And yet one cannot doubt that the new note will be struck, however little we can foretell the when and the how. But the new force will not be a new method, it will be a new man. Any development that may ensue will be but another fruit on the tree of art already full-grown; not another sapling. The individualist may arise—nay, doubtless he will, but the form in which his genius may be displayed is beyond conjecture. He will not surpass the drawing of Holbein. He will not excel the brushwork of Raeburn. But he will bring a new and vital and personal note of inspiration, though his means of expression must necessarily remain the same.

Who could foretell the advent of Gainsborough, who abandoned the current formalism of English landscape art for the delightful freedom that will always be associated with his name? How could it be shown that in later years Turner, the giant, was to arise, eclipsing in his skill and surpassing in his strength and beauty all who had gone before, making of landscape painting a splendid and varied glory such as no one before or since dared to attempt? How was the advent of Rossetti to be predicted from the futilities of early Victorian art? These men were not developments; we cannot trace their origin and pedigree. They were the great innovators, the individualists. They left imitators, they founded schools; and seeing their work finished and past, we may wonder at their power, and we may feel surprise that nobody had done such work before; but we cannot say, "This is their artistic genealogy, hence they sprang." Working with the old familiar medium, the medium used for centuries (and sometimes by men as great, though on other lines), they achieved results unknown until their advent. That some such giants will be born into the world of art in the future as in the past it would be absurd to doubt—what form their achievement will take it were equally absurd to ask, or what their inspiration or technique may be. The technique of a master is inevitably the expression of his present needs

and creeds, the individual method that appeals to him. (The technique of the imitator is, of course, a thing of shreds and patches, and need not be discussed here.) The inspiration of the master comes from within, that of the follower from without. But whatever form the method and the motive of the unborn genius are to take, one thing is sure—the saner his art the greater it will be. Sanity is an essential of all art that is to be truly great.

It might be possible to predict even other qualities that the author of the new note in art is to possess; it might be suggested that dignity and grace are essentials, and many other characteristics might be included; but it must suffice here to say that, first and foremost, individuality and sanity must be his.

It is obvious, therefore, that we cannot plan to produce our genius as Bishop Berkeley produced his giant; his advent is necessarily on the knees of the gods. But what we can strive to cultivate, what we can endeavour to foster, is the development of individuality, the personal mode of saying the old thing; so that when our great painter of the future comes, he may not be pooh-poohed because his ideas are new. Though, after all, the actual saying of the new thing will come, not of culture, not of teaching, but of inspiration.

PERCY BATE.

E.A. Waterlow 1884

THE DEVELOPMENT AND PRACTICE OF ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR

A PERSON that loses his way in a forest is apt to wander in a circular direction towards his left until at last, to his great astonishment, he arrives hard by the point whence he set out in his search for the right road. Is this long, fruitless journey a thing which should remind us of human progress? Does man, searching ever for the unknown, looking ever for new improvements, does he, despite himself, plod on in devious circles, and gain nothing but fair visions of the lands of promise where his hopes dwell? There are cynics that say "Yes"; but a better answer is to be found in Goethe's helpful belief, that the progress of mankind is a movement in spirals and not in circles. The deviation from the circle may often be very slight, but the upward tendency is there and it is enough to raise humanity above the level of previous efforts. The advance thus made in a century may seem trivial to ardent reformers, but what of that? Is not a century a trivial span of time in the life of the human race? The old proverb, "More haste, less speed," should be the motto of all reformers. Progress, you may be sure, does not hurry; it has no seven-league boots, and we must learn to judge it not by the brief seasons of our own perishable lives, but by the incalculable æons through which its course has still to run.

At the present time there is much anxiety about the future, and so much idle talk about degeneracy, that writers on special subjects should never for a moment forget the slowness of the spiral movement of advance in human affairs. Nothing is ever gained by allowing the mind to oscillate between heated expectations and chilled disappointments. There are critics of art, for instance, who tell us that they are disenchanted with the age they live in; they see degeneracy on all sides, merely because the work of to-day differs from that of former times, and hence their chief pleasure in life is to drone out a tedious *Miserere* over the changes through which the arts are passing. They say, with an

ill-concealed satisfaction (for habitual fault-finding has a pleasure of its own), that the only form of home-bred art in England, the various art of water-colour, has all but lost the prestige bequeathed to it by its great masters of the last century. They look for promise, but they find none; the giants are all dead, and they mourn.

Despondency never sees the truth, and the despondency of those critics may be explained without difficulty. It originates in two uncritical habits of mind: the habit of judging the past by its greatest men, and the habit of pitting those greatest men against the rank and file of the present-day army of art-workers. Progress reveals herself, not among men of commanding genius, who are very rare, but among the ordinary able craftsmen, whose talents and attainments create an atmosphere of culture in which the next geniuses will grow up to manhood. When this truth is understood an impartial critic has no reason to despair of the future of English water-colour, for there can be no doubt that the average level of accomplishment is very much higher to-day than it was when Girtin and Turner, when Cotman, Dewint, and David Cox began, each in his own way, to give a varied transformation to the tinted drawing of the school of Taverner and Sandby, and of Dayes and Hearne. In other words, the practice of water-colour has been enriched by a great many discoveries, every one of which was unknown to Cozens, the greatest master of the early school; and this enrichment belongs to anyone who studies the art seriously. It forms a common stock of traditions, by which the standard of achievement is kept on a much higher plane than that to which the art of water-colour was raised by the early draughtsmen. To this fruitful stock of traditions, generation after generation, something fresh and good is added; and thus is gathered together a noble inheritance for the next great path-finders and innovators. Such men will come in their appointed time, and amid their rich inheritance of means they will grow strong, like wheat in well-cultivated soil.

It is better to believe that than to cry out incessantly against the good things which our own generation has given us. What right have we to speak of decadence merely because English water-colour has yet to

produce a painter equal in range of ability to the manifold Turner? Here, for the present, Turner is *hors concours*, a very Shakespeare of Art. The growth of his fearless and patient genius was very slow, but he who follows it becomes familiar with nearly all the stages of evolution through which the English school of water-colour has passed at present, beginning with the earliest tinted method, a mere staining of a careful study in topography, and ending at last with those light-handed revelries of colour which, by the import of their impressionism, recall to mind the present-day magic of Mr. Brabazon. Note, too, the dogged earnestness with which Turner made use both of his predecessors and also of his contemporaries. He borrowed freely from everyone who had anything to lend, but he returned the debt in new coin. His greatness, to be sure, is not all of gold unalloyed; it is a Shakespearean greatness, prone to shortcomings that even small men see and criticise. But in considering Turner, there is something else which ought never to be forgotten: we must remember always that he came after many generations of thoughtful work, starting, let us say, with those fine miniatures in water-colour which have their rise in missal painting, and which recall to memory the Elizabethan epoch and names of Nicholas Hilliard and the two Olivers, Isaac and Peter. Many other generations may pass before the advent of Turner's equal, and the chief business of the present is that everyone of us should keep his mind cool and clear, and do the best work he can with the means at his disposal. Thus alone is the progress of art maintained during the long intervals of seed-time that separate the great masters.

At this point another train of thought begins. Men are not always good judges of their contemporaries. In all countries, again and again, the Big Masters have been treated as Little Misters by the people of their own time. Let me give two examples of this, one from French history and the other from our English records of art. Romain Rolland, speaking of the principal painters of Millet's day, and of the great landscape painters in particular, says, with truth, that their lives constitute a sad martyrology. "Except in a few instances," he remarks, "such as

those of Corot and Jules Dupré, almost all suffered cruelly from want, indigence, hunger, illness and bad luck of every kind. The great Theodore Rousseau lived for the greater part of his days in terrible poverty and loneliness, and died, struck down by general paralysis, with a mad wife beside him." Troyon, after a hard life, died insane, like Marilhat. Diaz fared better, but even he was familiar with the humiliations bred by want, like the large-hearted Millet. In the nineteenth century, among English artists the suffering was less remarkable than that which fell heavily to the lot of so many French painters of Millet's period. But there were many examples of neglect. The very painters in water-colour who are now held up as incomparable masters—Turner, Cotman, Dewint, and David Cox—were not appreciated as they deserved to be. Turner, no doubt, triumphed at last over a great deal of opposition, but did he not owe the public recognition of his greatness to Ruskin's championship rather than to the first-hand appeals made by his pictures? As to Cotman, Dewint, and Cox, they gave lessons for their daily bread, and sold their water-colours for trivial sums. It is curious to think of Cox teaching in a ladies' school, and no less curious to remember that he, in his best period, 1853, was treated coldly by the Committee of the Water-Colour Society, his two pictures—the famous *Challenge* and the *Summit of a Mountain*—being looked upon as "too rough"! In the same year Cox wrote to his son and said that some friends at Harborne valued the *Summit of a Mountain* at £100; he was "almost afraid" to name such a large sum, but he might earn it some day if he painted the same subject in oil. Cox, like Cotman and like Dewint, painted admirably in oil-colours, but the fact was recognised only by a very few. It was counted absurd that a master of water-colour should succeed in a medium that won honours from the Royal Academy. One oil-painting, the celebrated *Peace and War*, executed in 1846, was sold by Cox for £20; in 1872, thirteen years after Cox's death, it was purchased at Christie's for £3,601. And the same "immoral destiny" may be studied in the history of Dewint's oil-paintings. Dewint himself, finding that he could not sell them, placed his oil pictures on

narrow ledges in the loft of his house in Gower Street; and there they remained until he died. To-day the smallest one among them would be "knocked down" at a public auction for a thousand guineas. Dewint's daughter, Mrs. Tatlock, after her father's death, offered two of the best paintings to the National Gallery, but they were declined with thanks by the Director, Sir William Boxall, on the false ground that room could not be made for them. The same pictures hang to-day at South Kensington, and all good judges recognise that they are masterpieces of English landscape painting.

With these examples before us of genius unrecognised at the time of its appearance, ought not we to be careful in the estimates we form of contemporary work? The future may annul many of our verdicts, and give the crown of laurels to men whom we neglect or undervalue. This will happen in the case both of Thomas Collier (1841—1891) and of H. G. Hine (1811—1895). The first, from time to time, perfected the traditions of Cox, while the second made himself incomparable as a painter of downs and moorlands, yet none but artists do full justice to the worth of either. Among the living painters, too, there are men of fine ability who wait for their full measure of recognition. It has been said, for instance, of Mr. Albert Goodwin that he has not bettered Turner, the master of his discipleship; but he has been himself as well as the follower of another, and his individuality has a charm which the public will feel more and more as the years pass by. For the moment Mr. Goodwin, like his predecessor, A. W. Hunt, is undervalued, but the traits of originality in the handling of his materials, and the fairyland mystery and beauty with which he invests so many of his subjects, gain in attraction the more they are studied. These are qualities that belong to Mr. Goodwin, and their presence in English water-colour is a joy that will become better known and more justly appreciated. Then there is Mr. Lionel Smythe, the rusticity of whose art has something as new as it is sweet and manly and refreshing. The public hears but little of him, and collectors do not quarrel yet for the possession of his exquisite drawings; but it is high time that they should do so.

Again, Sir J. D. Linton has been described, certainly with truth, as "the Metsu of Water-Colour." Why, then, do the great majority of us accept his best work without understanding all the merit of its fine quality? There is room here for a much wider admiration, for Linton, like Charles Green (1840-1898), is one of the few masters of figure subjects who have expressed themselves in English water-colour. His style has weight as well as refinement, and his respect for historical accuracy in the matter of costumes marks an advance on Cattermole's frequent anachronisms. Mr. E. J. Gregory, another figure-painter of note, has a daintier touch, a more delicate joy in the rendering of exquisite textures and details. He sees not as a Metsu, but rather as a Meissonier; he is always tender and sincere, and his types of female beauty are fresh graces in the art of water-colour. If his work were as old as good William Hunt's *Old Salt* and *The Blessing*, connoisseurs would know it better than they do at present. And this applies also to Mr. Clausen, who handles Millet's traditions with an originality full of outdoor freshness.

In the treatment of architecture the water-colour school has been successful from the first, and there can be no doubt that its honour in this branch of art is well upheld to-day by Mr. Fulleylove. There is nothing in Mr. Fulleylove's architecture that resembles the tinted pastry so common in some of the buildings drawn by Prout. The stones look like stones, and the drawing is severe, chiselled, and structural. It is a kind of drawing that seems to be put together in the way that masons build, stone by stone from secure foundations. Surely there is no sign of degeneracy in work of this firm kind? Elsewhere, too, in the flower draughtsmanship of Mr. Francis James, a rich colourist, we may enjoy a vigour and a freshness of style unsurpassed by any Englishmen of former days that painted flowers. Samuel Palmer and Francis James take rank together in the history of English water-colour.

Is there a falling-off in the treatment of marine subjects? Turner's seas are the best; but if we put Turner aside as *hors concours*, and then follow the art of marine painting in water-colour from Brooking (1723—1759) to Samuel Scott (about 1710—1772), and from Chambers

(1803—1840) to Henry Moore (1831—1895), we cannot but notice a continued improvement; nor is the advance checked to-day by Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Edwin Hayes, and Mr. Napier Hemy, whose sailor-like bluff work is keen with the salt air and full of wind and movement.

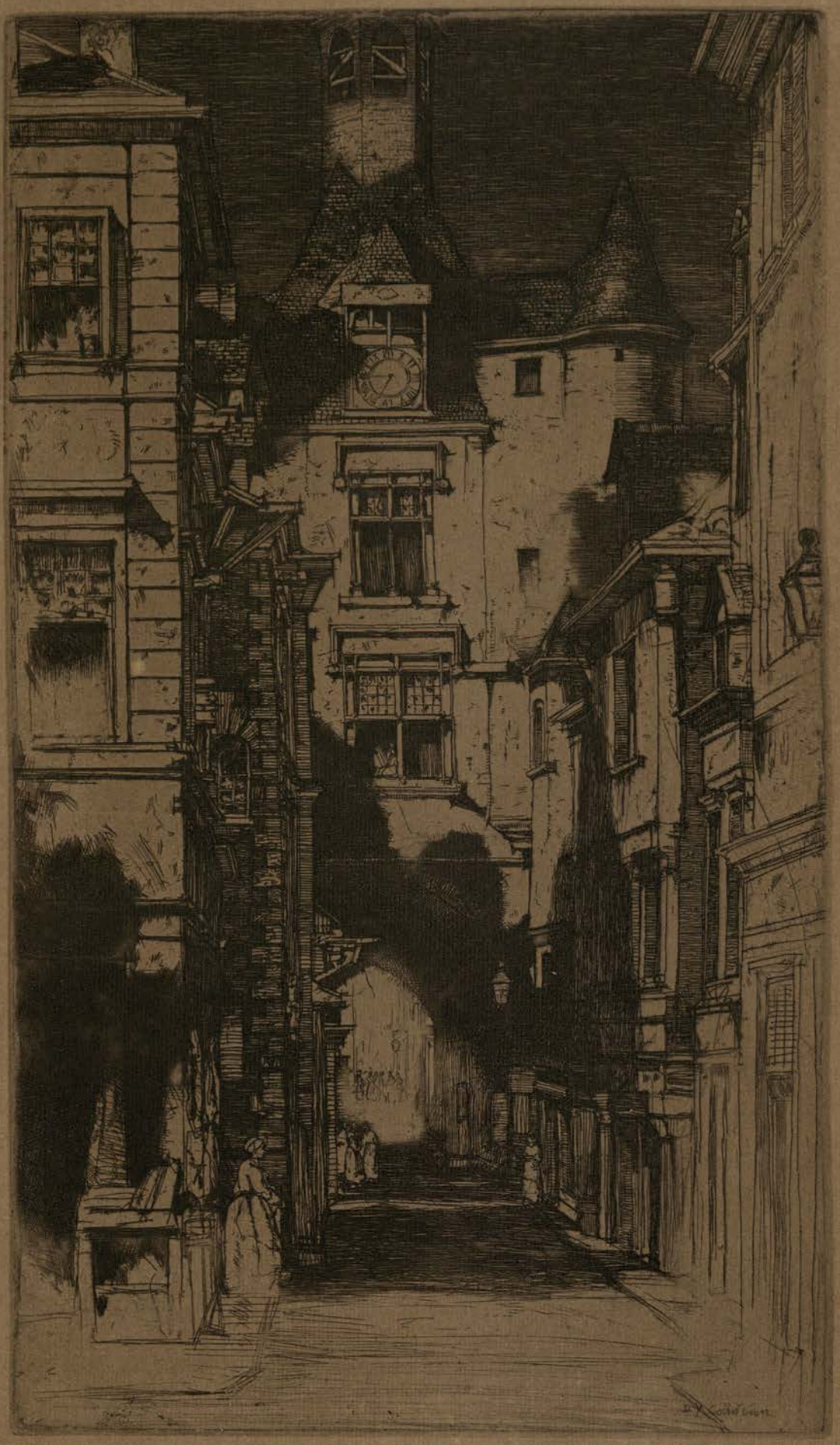
But the landscapists, what of them? Among them there is plenty of skill and talent, plenty of clever draughtsmen, but their aims, when considered as a whole, are less virile than the traditions of their school. An exhibition of landscapes in water-colour has now an air of prettiness that offends a student of Cox, of Dewint, of Cotman or of Girtin. All generative work comes from the heart, and is full of ardour. Now, ardour is too often missing in the water-colour landscapes of to-day. This general criticism must be made, but one must hasten to add that there are men who, standing apart from the rank and file, work ardently as well as with manipulative skill. There is Mr. Bernard Evans, with his manly feeling and his fine appreciation of design; there are Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Brabazon, to both of whom reference has already been made; and there are artists so various in style as Mr. Aumonier, Mr. M. P. Lindner, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Henry Tonks, and Mr. J. W. North, a landscapist and a figure painter all in one. Several landscapists, again, in different personal ways, have returned to the sobriety and reticence of the earlier masters, and their work is frequently as good as it is reticent. This applies to Mr. Little, to Mr. F. G. Cotman, to Mr. E. Davies, to Mr. Eyre Walker, to Mr. Roger Fry, and to Mr. A. W. Rich. I dare not mention other names, for names followed by brief comments are startling egotisms to any writer who recognises that criticism is largely a matter of temperament, of personal feeling. Let us then pass on, remembering that one form of water-colour painting—the study of animals—has yet to be glanced at. It has had many followers since Francis Barlow (d. 1702) proved that "his taste lay in birds, fish, and animals, in which he made a great figure, though his colouring was not equal to his design." His talent is well worth attention. Robert Hills (1769—1844), who sometimes collaborated with Robson and Barret, drew sheep and cattle well and deer admirably, despite his habit of stippling to excess; and Samuel Howitt (1750—

1824) was fond of sporting subjects as well as animals. Among the best horses are those which Sir John Gilbert painted in his wonderful little *Crusaders on the March*, one of the gems in the collection of water-colours at South Kensington; but, if all the animals in English water-colour could be seen together in an exhibition, I doubt not that those by an artist of our own time, Mr. J. M. Swan, would be unrivalled.

Among some of the younger painters there is a tendency to undervalue the rich translucent effects so highly prized by the leading masters. Turner, for instance, used white at times, but only in his studies on toned paper. In all his finished work on white paper he employed transparent washes; and by the consummate delicacy and skill with which he preserved his first lay-in he carried his art through surprising gradations of tone and of virgin colour, until at last it shone back at him from wondrous vast distances. He loved space, light, warmth, delicacy, illimitable distance, purity of colour, a radiant atmosphere, and a romance of design brimful of incidents; and he delighted in the translucency of water-colour because it was favourable to the realisation of the effects which he desired to call up into pictorial presence. Body-colour would have been fatal to the aërial witchcraft of his style in water-colour.

That body-colour has merits of its own is true, as William Hunt found out in his still-life subjects, and as David Cox proved at times in his bold work on coarse straw paper; but consider the usual practice of the great English masters of the water-colour medium, and you will find that white is used very sparingly in the washes. Dewint, for example, disliked body-colour, and seldom used it except for points of high light. He wished the surface of his ivory-tinted paper to be "felt" under his luminous rich colour; and when he desired a foil for his abundant transparent tones, he turned to his opaque pigments and touched up the foreground with warm ochres and with vermilion. It is never his aim to vie with oil-painting, and his work reminds us always that in water-colour, as in enamel, translucency is a precious thing.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.



Frances E. James.

VALUE OF LINE IN ETCHING AND DRY POINT. By Dr. HANS W. SINGER.

WE, who are of the craft, and whom an unrelenting public persists in styling "art critics," have rather a hard time of it. We place ourselves at the service of this public, but it treats us with very little grace. While it hastens to the professional for advice on all scientific matters, it does not see the need of such action when questions of art are at issue. But people who will place implicit confidence in the opinion of some well-known meteorologist, if he prophesy that next week will be rainy; people who will swear by Dr. A., if he pronounce vaccination a boon, or swear by Dr. B. if he decry it a bane; people who will listen with open-mouthed awe to the professor of optics when he begins to overthrow Newton's time-honoured theory of light—these will consider you an arrogant charlatan if you, on the strength of several decades of earnest study, presume to pronounce a picture excellent that does not please them at first sight.

It seems hard to account for this state of affairs. Nearly everyone nowadays is eager to learn from those who know, but not from the art historian; for some reason or another they exclude him. But I hope the time may soon come when it will be more generally recognised that we communicate the results of our researches in the same spirit as other teachers, for the benefit of our readers, and not in order to place ourselves upon a pedestal. Years of labour have taught us to see that which is beautiful in a truer and clearer light; we have become interested in phenomena and conversant with principles which have wonderfully increased our ability to enjoy art. This greater ability of enjoyment we wish to communicate to others. The factors that helped us can help them, and our mediation may remove obstacles.

There is one matter in which the public is rather less tractable than in any other, and that is its predilection for naturalism. Place

almost any man or woman before a picture and you will find that, with scarcely an exception, what they do is to compare it with Nature. If they be pleased they will exclaim, "Oh, how like!" or "How true to life!" If they be displeased we shall hear them say, "Who ever saw a man walking like that!" or "The idea of painting a green sky —why it ought to be blue, of course!"

Now some of the greatest masters of the world have done work, which, or at least parts of which, any Academy student can prove to be out of drawing. Again, on the other hand, if the sky be of the truest blue, or if grapes be painted before our eyes so like to life that we feel that we could pick them, the picture in spite of all this *may* be a very indifferent work of art.

For Art and Nature are two very different, if not altogether opposite things, and above all Art is not merely the reflector of Nature. There are several pretty allegories abroad in which we see an object of Nature on the one side, and the reflection of it in a looking-glass on the other; this being supposed to symbolise Art. But the parallelism has, like most parallelisms, a weak point. It is unsatisfactory, and the simplest reflection must lead everybody to concede as much.

As far as Art is concerned, Nature supplies only a substratum to build upon, or, if you like, a framework to adorn. It is not creating art if an artist copy Nature pure and simple. But if he impress Nature with the stamp of his own individual mind, and present it as he, the individual artist, feels it, then he has created something; his work represents a new value in the economy of the world. His work, a fusing of Nature and his own soul, must be different from every other work, as man differs from man: it is also of higher interest to us than Nature itself, for we are confronted at once with it and with the bent of the artist's own genius. That is what we must seek for in Art, if we wish to obtain specific enjoyment from it.

The preceding little disquisition is not so much of a digression as it may appear. Experience has not yet brought me to such a state of resignation but that I still hope some of my readers may admit the

justice of my argument. And if I seem to have reduced the number of their channels to enjoyment, it is only because I really want to add to them. My desire is to direct them to a true appreciation of the value of style, and that is only possible if they make up their minds to abandon their bias in favour of naturalism.

A feeling for style is to-day extremely rare. Progressive civilisation appears to be a great enemy to it. For what we call civilisation consists of ever-increasing efforts to make life cheaper and more comfortable. The one great means of achieving this end is to replace the original by the copy, the expensive by the cheap, the genuine by the counterfeit. It seems as if civilisation had an eye only for the wants of the lower classes. The highest forms of culture have not been pushed beyond their former boundaries.

The counterfeit is the natural enemy of style. For purity of style is tantamount to keeping within the limitations of your working material, making a virtue of necessity, and obtaining only results which a natural handling of your tools will yield.

If a man were to cut his meat with a saw and his logs with a table-knife he would be laughed at. This is, perhaps, rather an extravagant simile, but as to principle—that is, as far as misuse of materials is concerned—many artists are guilty of transgressions almost as senseless. Take the case of modern white-line wood-engraving.

The art of wood-engraving is a convention at best. If it be wrong to aim at accurate imitation of Nature in oil-painting, it must be quite absurd to do so in wood-engraving, where colour, which is the main staff of verisimilitude, is absent. The art depends upon the use of knives and chisels upon a block, and its peculiar style has been evolved when the result shows plainly that these materials and no others have been employed to produce it. The tools restrict the worker, and the work must to a great extent remain "open"; the white of the paper plays as important a part as the black of the lines; each line, as it is laid in relief by the knife, should preserve its integrity. When the design to be cut is quite "close," and the cross-lines are heaped to

such a degree that there is little of the white of the paper visible, working with the knife is no longer a natural manipulation; it will have become a torture. Consequently the modern woodcutters, who came to this pass, gave up the knife and took to the burin instead. And with that step they stand self-convicted as transgressors. For they use the instrument of one process, the burin of copper engraving, on the material of another, upon the block of the wood-engraver. They imitate the sweep of the engraver's line, but have to relinquish its "body"; yet both are inseparable characteristics. They cannot, owing to the fact that they are bound to the ordinary platten-press, command the richness of tone which the engraver upon copper achieves, so they vie with him in vain. They cannot, since they lack colour, compete with the "sfumato" and chiaroscuro of the painter; so they fall short of the mark here too. And in the course of these two failures, they have in addition given up the virtues which lay within their grasp, the energy of expression, the decorative balancing of white and black, the power of suggesting forms and even ideas, all of which characterise the old black-line woodcut.

Narrowing down to the real subject in hand, let us concede, as regards etching and dry point, that the highest aim here as elsewhere is purity of style, which depends upon the correct use of the materials. Like every other form of art, etching must have its specific character, and excellence is attained when this is carried to perfection.

More than any other process, etching is the medium of line. The lines of crayon and charcoal are porous, the line of the pen lacks homogeneity, the line of the burin possesses "colour" qualities which are apt to withdraw our attention from the way it is conducted, and even the line of the graphite—or, as we call it, lead-pencil—distracts by its glossy sheen and inequality. The line pure and simple is the one produced by the etching needle and acids. It does not run to a point or vary in width, it has no meretricious colour-qualities, and he who employs it is altogether dependent upon the direction he gives it for his effects.

Value of Line in Etching and Dry Point.

It follows, therefore, with mathematical precision, that whoever etches should direct his attention exclusively to his line and try to make something of it. By so doing he will in the end produce a plate that stands out on its merit as a new creation, without having borrowed any one of its charms from another technique.

Out of a mass of splendid work let us pick at random a few specimens to illustrate what has been said, and let us begin with an etching by the greatest master of all, with Rembrandt's *Flight into Egypt.*

Observe with what economy the materials at command are used. A few lines only make up the drawing of each face—even those in Joseph's may easily be counted—and yet no overfinished photogravure can give more expression to a countenance, can disclose better the character of these three, as it appears in their faces. Note how sparingly lines are used to indicate the landscape and to reproduce the dress. The white of the paper is husbanded with as much effect as the black of the lines.

Again, look at one of the twenty-odd remarkable portraits etched by Vandyke, each one of them equal to any painted portrait he ever did. We really feel as if we were looking at an individual only when we look him in the eye, and so Vandyke, who wishes these prints above everything else to be portraits, rivets our attention to the eyes of each head by executing them with some degree of finish, and by becoming apparently more careless in his handling the farther away he gets from the eyes. The extremities are barely indicated with a few lines. Note the beautiful harmony and exquisite decorative balancing of white and black that he obtains, and, further, that he uses just enough lines to express clearly what he wants, but never one too many. Well meaning but ignorant followers have ruined every one of Vandyke's plates by taking them up and working in backgrounds, completing the drapery, pushing the modelling of the flesh to the last stage of likeness to nature, and by generally bringing the plate down to that degree of finish that delights little souls, who think a work of art ought to be an

inventory of details. Take a first state of one of the Vandykes, compare it with a last state, and you can see at a glance what genius makes of etching and to what dabblers reduce it.

Legros asserts the rights of line in quite a different manner; no one perhaps does it as vigorously as he. Look at almost any one of his wonderful broad landscapes, and you will find that he draws a system of bold lines on some portion of his plate over distance and foreground in one unbroken sweep, so that they run over sky, trees, water, and the ground alike. Thus he does not care to surprise you by the skill with which he can reproduce the texture of the objects he presents, but rather to enforce upon you the fact that he is using the etcher's needle. His prints look like trees, water, ground, etc., wherever these objects are pictured; but this is to him no more than a secondary consideration. That they should betray the principles on the strength of which they have come into being is in his opinion the most important matter.

William Strang's excellent closing plate of the series *Death and the Ploughman's Wife* offers a splendid example of how far one can go in the direction of pictorial effect and yet preserve line in its value intact. It represents the scene in which the housewife relates her day's experience during the evening meal, and points to the child so miraculously preserved. There are a multitude of gradations, from the deep black of the ploughman's hair to the white of the table-cloth, yet all are expressed by pure line work. There is no thoughtless, zigzag scratching, nor smudgy "toning" of the plate; and even in the very darkest portions, such as the frame of the old clock against the wall, we can follow each single line that helps to make up the heavy shadows: the integrity of every one is preserved.

Another, quite different, plate of Strang's, the *Bridal Procession* in his "Ancient Mariner" set, seems to me to be one of the most superb pieces of line decoration within the whole range of Art. There is an unparalleled degree of power in these few robust strokes, and the artist has even attained texture in this case. This plate is a truly remarkable one.

Value of Line in Etching and Dry Point.

I have left Whistler for the last. Like all great geniuses, he is not so much of an innovator as a perfector of attempts that the less skilled had previously made. Hirschvogel, for example, of the sixteenth century, displays the same quality of suggestiveness in his line, though, to be sure, with a less masterly hand. Every time we look at one of his extraordinary etchings—the "Zaandam," for instance—we are filled anew with admiration at the wonderful use he puts line to. Slight strokes, standing out clear and distinct, suggest with unequalled pregnancy miles of distance; a few touches here and there are made to indicate an object beyond all possibility of error.

These are only six etchings that we have been looking at, and yet what a wonderful variety do they offer! How wide is the scope for artists in this field! Etchers ought to pursue line and line only. What they must avoid is over-finish and the hankering after half-tones and chiaroscuro work. These are the sins that the "professional" etchers — that is, the men who reproduce another's painting — have introduced into Art. A purist (I plead guilty to the epithet) will always decide that *all* black-and-white Art should be in line, for only then does it bring its innermost character to bear.

When we have established etching as pre-eminently the art of line, we have by no means stated all its resources. It is distinguished by another characteristic: an item of process quite peculiar to itself, by virtue of which it may pass unchallenged as *the* art of aerial perspective. As some of my readers may not know what is meant by "stopping out," I will briefly describe the process. After the plate has been covered with the resisting "ground," the complete line-design drawn upon it with the etcher's needle, and the back and sides covered with a protecting varnish, it is immersed in the acid bath, whereupon all lines laid bare by the needle are slowly bitten in. Now suppose the design to be a landscape with a hazy distance, this distance, according to the laws of aerial perspective, must be expressed by lines a great deal more delicate than those of the foreground. After a short while all the lines of the plate will be slightly bitten in; it is then taken out, the lines of the

remotest distance are painted up with a stopping-out varnish, which protects them from further attacks of the acid, and the plate is again immersed. The lines that have not been varnished over of course continue biting. When they have become strong enough for the middle distance the plate is again taken up, the lines of the middle distance stopped-out, the rest bitten further, and so on, until the last lines, delineating the details of the foreground, have arrived at a sufficient degree of depth and broadness. By means of this stopping-out process a perfection of aerial perspective is obtainable that even the painter in oils can scarcely compass.

Only a word more on dry point. It, too, has its peculiar characteristics, and, as in etching, it is developing those that lead to style and artistic excellence. They are sweep and delicacy of line and the burr. You can do almost everything with dry point, and, like the late Gaillard of Paris, for example, use it to produce over-modelled, photogravure-like plates. But you will always have to strike colours before the rival, before photogravure itself, in the attempt. Some artists have shewn so little understanding for the beauty of this material that they have employed it when the task set before them consisted in reproducing the different textures of glass, copper, satins, etc., set in contrast—a problem that can be solved satisfactorily only by the burin line engraver. Even Helleu at first made some false attempts in this direction. But his later work, now widely known and always warmly admired, shews him fully aware of the specific handling which dry point calls for. *La Cigarette*, to mention only one plate, boasts of a beautiful flow and grace of line, and the burr is made use of with superb effect. The burr possesses extraordinary powers of suggestion. It is the same as when some masterly hand applies a touch of colour here and there to an indifferent monotone drawing, infusing as it were a statue with life: not reproducing Nature, but offering us only a hint, which sets our own active imagination to work elaborating a picture much finer than the reality of Nature can be.

HANS W. SINGER.

Walcheren
Zeeland

THE DEVELOPMENT AND PRACTICE OF PASTEL PAINTING

ALTHOUGH extreme antiquity cannot be claimed for the art of pastel painting, it has been practised long enough for all its advantages and disadvantages to be properly tested by time and experience. It is far from being a modern device, without a history and without any record to which students can refer when they want to satisfy themselves as to its technical trustworthiness and its artistic adaptability. For quite two centuries it has had an honourable place among recognised painting processes, a place which it can hardly be said to share with any other form of pictorial expression; and during this period it has been used by many famous painters in this country and abroad with the most complete success. Many adequate illustrations of the capacities of the medium are now in existence, and from these can be learned lessons of the utmost significance by all workers who wish to discover what to do and what to avoid in pastel painting.

When exactly this method of working was invented is not known, but it came greatly into vogue in the time of Watteau and his immediate successors. It suited well the art of that gay and frivolous period, for it lent itself admirably to the expression of those dainty effects of colour and those delicate subtleties of tone which were especially desired by the men who strove then to realise the elegant artificiality of the life about them. They felt that pastel with its lightness of technical quality, its brilliancy and purity of colour, and its ready responsiveness to the artist's intention, was pre-eminently the material by which decorative fantasies could be made attractive. It was free from any element of laboriousness, and its directness and simplicity were of infinite value to painters who, with all their love of balanced grace, were spontaneously imaginative and perfectly sincere in their advocacy of the higher artistic principles. The artist who at that time showed most convincingly what were its possibilities was La Tour. He used the medium with very great skill, and has many

claims to be considered the chief of the earlier masters of pastel painting. Chardin also produced by its assistance many works of the highest value; and in England several artists who were his contemporaries adopted it without hesitation for important portraits and figure compositions. John Russell, the Royal Academician, especially distinguished himself in this branch of practice, and his pastel pictures are now eagerly competed for by collectors of eighteenth-century British art. He made a scientific study of the process, manufactured his own materials, and gave the closest attention to details of technique; the excellent condition of most of his paintings after the lapse of more than a century is sufficient evidence of his thoroughness as a craftsman.

These earlier pastellists seem for the most part to have aimed at imitations of oil paintings. Their work was carried far; it was almost always highly finished, and was often very minutely elaborated. They regarded pastel as a medium which would give them practically the same effects as were obtainable by the use of oil pigments, and they were more inclined to treat it as an alternative to the older technical process than as an independent method of painting marked by peculiar characteristics and capable of development along lines of its own. That they recognised its superiority over oil painting for certain pictorial purposes is proved by the extensive use which was made of it during the latter half of the eighteenth century; and that they understood one side of its capacities very thoroughly cannot be disputed by anyone who is able to appreciate the completeness of the technical accomplishment by which the pastels of a hundred years or so ago are distinguished. But the fact remains that practically all these works were inspired more by the traditions of the oil method than by the inherent peculiarities of a process comparable with none of the other forms of artistic expression in its mechanism and practical essentials.

It is really the artists of our own time who can claim the credit for having discovered the fuller possibilities of pastel. They have done more than their predecessors ever attempted in the way of extending its range and applying its special advantages in the right fashion. In a

sense, indeed, they may be said to have re-created this form of art practice, for they have rescued it from what was almost oblivion, and have put it once again in a position of prominence among legitimate painting devices. For some reason difficult to explain pastel went out of fashion early in the nineteenth century, and for fifty years or more was almost entirely neglected both by workers and collectors. Even in France, where it had formerly been in such high favour, it engaged the attention of few artists; and the men who dealt with it were looked upon more or less as eccentrics who were amusing themselves with an obsolete and unpractical form of painting. It ceased, certainly, to be employed for important works of art, and survived only in some studios as a convenient method of making rapid notes of colour effects and of recording first impressions which were to be worked out more seriously later on. The idea that it could be relied upon quite as much for great undertakings as for studio memoranda was scouted by the men who might fairly have been expected to know better, and their want of discrimination apparently induced a feeling among the public that pastel was unworthy of encouragement or appreciation. That this feeling endured until very recent times cannot be denied; possibly it has not even now completely died away; but so effective have been the attempts made during the last ten or fifteen years to re-establish the reputation of the process that it has recovered much of its former popularity, and is once again counted among the best forms of artistic expression.

The first sign of its revival in this country was given in 1888 when an exhibition of nearly three hundred drawings was organised at the Grosvenor Gallery. This exhibition was remarkable not only for the general excellence of the work included, but also for the number of eminent artists who sent to it contributions of the greatest interest. Such prominent members of the British school as Mr. Whistler, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. W. Llewellyn, Mr. Arthur Hacker, Mr. G. P. Jacomb Hood, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, Mr. St. George Hare, Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, Mr. Buxton Knight, Mr. P. W. Steer, Mr. C. H. Shannon,

Mr. Mark Fisher, and William Stott, of Oldham, were adequately represented, and with them were associated many members of the Société de Pastellistes Français, men like M. Besnard, M. J. E. Blanche, M. Helleu, M. P. Roll, M. L. Lhermitte, and M. F. Montenard, whose leadership in the French art world was as much beyond question then as it is to-day. There was proof enough in the collection that pastel was not destined to remain any longer in obscurity; it had come out of its dormant condition with renewed vigour, and was ready to play its part with greater energy than it had displayed even in the period of its earlier activity.

Really it had gained much by its enforced retirement into private life. The artists who had been using it for shorthand notes and slight suggestions had discovered what were its best capacities, and when they re-introduced it to the public they no longer attempted to warp it out of its proper direction. With few exceptions, they gave up the effort to make it look like oil painting, and sought instead to develop it along the lines which would lead it to true independence. They recognised frankly its peculiarities of texture, its curious quality of colour, and its special fitness for rendering a particular type of subject matter; and on this recognition they based methods of dealing with it which allowed its technical individuality the fullest scope. Both its adaptability and its limitations were better understood than they had been a century before, because the workers had acquired their knowledge of its character by actual experiment, and not by following traditions which had been maintained unbroken since the first invention of the pastel painter's art.

The movement that began in so promising a fashion in 1888 has gone on quietly and steadily to the present day. The number of workers in pastel has increased, and their appreciation of their responsibilities has become year by year more marked and effective. In fifteen years much has been accomplished — much, indeed, that even the enthusiasts who were responsible for the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition could hardly have anticipated. We have now a flourishing Pastel Society, which holds annual shows of work by artists of repute; and the public is being rapidly educated

out of its misapprehension concerning the trustworthiness and importance of the medium. There is little left of the once general delusion that pastel deserves to be considered as a slight and tricky device, fit only for the amusement of irresponsible workers; its claim to a place among the higher forms of craftsmanship is freely acknowledged. That it should have lived down the unaccountable disrepute into which it fell at the beginning of the last century is a matter for congratulation; it has a definite mission in the art world — one, indeed, which art lovers of significant achievement are anxious to see amply fulfilled.

It is possibly a little too soon to attempt any forecast of the future progress of the medium : that it seems once again to be securely established is beyond dispute, but what may be effected by changes of fashion in years to come is difficult to say. At all events, artists have done much to put it on a proper basis by their intelligent recognition of its inherent qualities. They see now that it provides them with a means of drawing in colour which is far more rapid and direct than any painting process that involves the use of brushes and fluid pigments. They realise that its chief function is to be sketchy and suggestive, and that laboured execution or elaborate surface finish destroy one of its greatest charms. They have learned that it will give them, if it is properly applied, results which are unattainable in the same degree by fluent washes of water-colour or the sticky *impasto* of oil-paint. So with good judgment they reserve it for work which requires especially vivacity of colour and frankness of handling, and they avoid the mistakes of procedure which were so often made by the men who laid the foundations of the art.

This modern respect for the genius of pastel justifies many expectations for its future. Now that it holds its own place among painting crafts there is nothing to hamper its growth, and there is no reason why it should not be seriously studied by every artist who desires to obtain a proper equipment of all-round knowledge. It is neither a complicated nor a difficult process. Given the command over draughtsmanship and the understanding of colour combination which every student must acquire as essentials in his training, its special characteristics are easily mastered.

The Development of Pastel Painting

The most important thing of all is that there should be no fumbling and no hesitation. Spontaneity of statement and certainty of touch are especially necessary, and from them come one of the greatest charms of pastel painting—its frank significance. Moreover, the more directly the touches of soft chalk are put upon the paper or canvas the greater are the freshness and the brilliancy of the colour effect. Attempts to mix the tints, or to blend them too much by rubbing and mechanical softening, result almost invariably in loss of luminosity, because they destroy the texture of the material and give to work a kind of dead surface. The more open and free the handling is, within reasonable limits, the more consistently in keeping with the right principles of pastel painting is the result arrived at, and the better will be the general effect of the picture.

At the same time some amount of judicious softening is quite legitimate in certain types of work. In a summary sketch it is undesirable, because one of the essentials of sketching, in this or any other medium, is that there should be an air of confidence and unhesitating intention. But in more elaborate production tints well rubbed into the paper make an admirable foundation for the after-work by which exactness of form and definition of detail are secured. In this case the rubbing gives agreeably even tones of colour, on which the free finishing touches can be applied more securely than on the plain paper. Besides, it prevents any loading of the surface with an excess of chalk, and saves the picture from the tendency to seem too thickly painted which may become objectionable when a subject requiring a more than ordinary amount of finish is being dealt with. If the final touches are laid upon the rubbed ground with sufficient decision, crisply and freely, the danger of loss of brilliancy is avoided, because the fresh work tells at its full value, and what is seen of the underpainting is not apparent enough to alter the technical character of the picture as a whole. Naturally, much depends upon the artist's skill, and upon the amount of study that he has bestowed upon mechanical details. If he has mastered rightly the sequence of processes, and if he knows how to make the most of the advantages of the medium itself, pastel will serve him well; but if he tries to carry it beyond its limits, and

to do with it what he could accomplish better in water-colour or oil, he will only court the failure that is the invariable penalty of indiscretion.

Something may be said with reference to the popular idea that pastel work is necessarily wanting in permanence and peculiarly liable to injury. Of course, pictures painted with soft chalks laid upon paper without any fixative are not capable of being treated quite so roughly as either oil pictures or water-colour drawings. But if they are protected by glass from accidental handling, their permanence in all other respects is quite beyond question. A pastel, properly executed, adheres too closely to the paper to be shaken off by movement or shock. It does not fade, it does not darken, and it does not undergo that often disconcerting mellowing which comes in an oil painting from chemical changes in the pigments and from the yellowing of the oil vehicle, and in water-colours from the deepening in tone of the paper itself. The pictures of the early pastellists are as brilliant to-day as when they were first executed, and their charm of touch remains undiminished. Damp is the chief thing against which the collector of pastels has to guard, for, like all works executed on paper or canvas, they may be affected by fungoid growths which form spots on the painted surface. This danger, however, is equally imminent in the case both of oil pictures, which will crack or peel off if put in a damp place, and in that of water-colours, which, under the same conditions, become spotted and bleached. With the most ordinary care pastels, it may be safely said, will last unharmed for centuries.

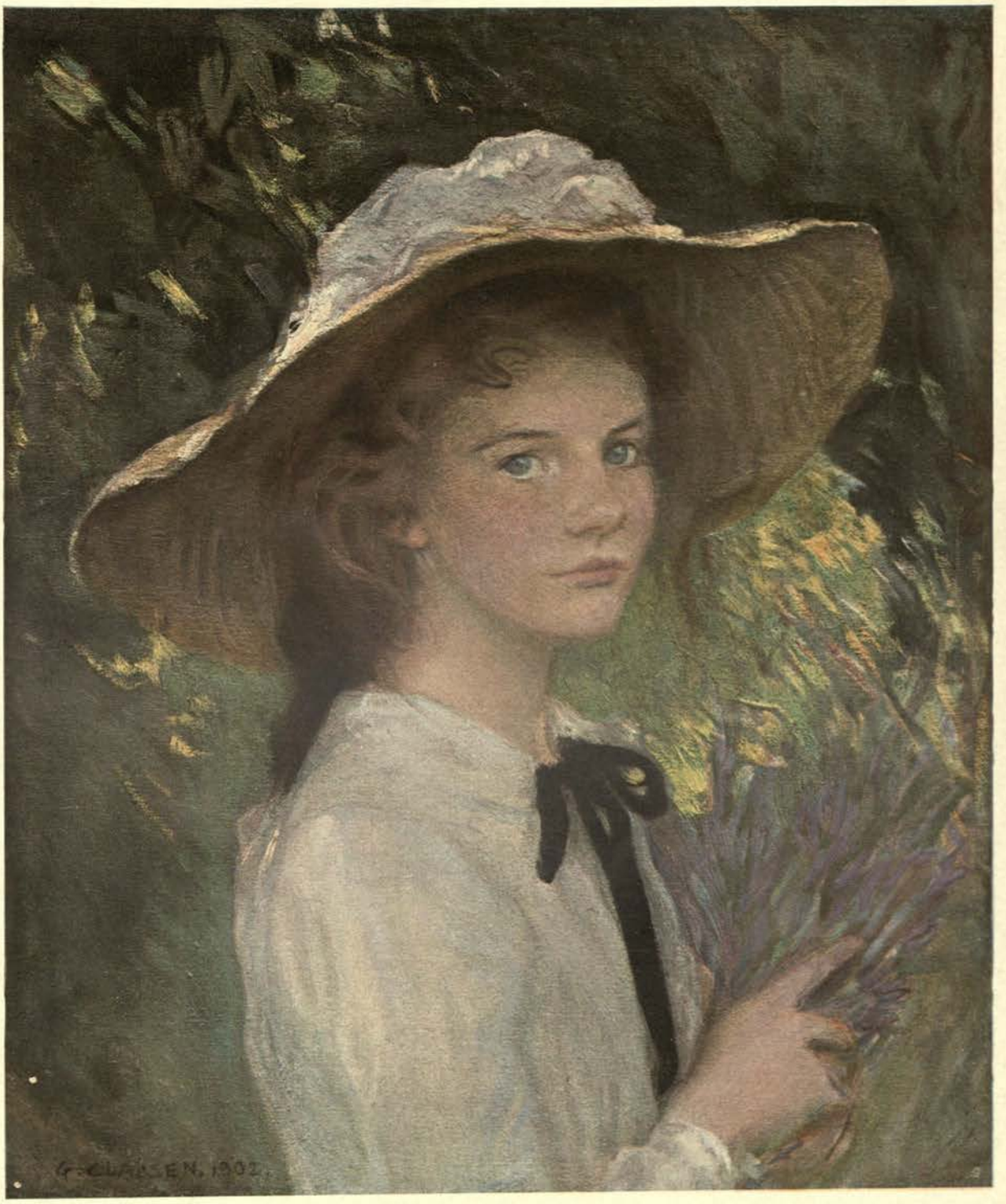
There is one variation on pure pastels which is worth referring to because it has been adopted by a number of modern artists. It is really a combination of coloured chalk drawing with water-colour painting, and though it has something of the character of both processes it is by its results entitled to rank as an independent method. The ordinary way of working it is to commence by drawing in pastel and to lay over the pastel washes of water-colour, which set the chalk touches and blend them into a sort of general effect. On this surface the final details are applied either in pastel or water-colour. What is produced by this mixture of

materials has neither the brilliancy of a direct chalk drawing nor the fluency of a free painting in colour washes; it presents a kind of fresco quality, which is not unpleasing in large work of a decorative character, but it fails where it is resorted to for subjects which demand great delicacy of gradation or much subtlety of tone. The indiscriminate use of such a hybrid process is not to be encouraged, for to it is due in many instances the sombreness of colour which must be accounted a defect in the work of some living pastel painters. Indeed, no one who is anxious to keep the art pure and unaffected by trickery could adopt such a device except in rare cases; in the ordinary way, it can only be regarded as a clumsy and not wholly defensible makeshift.

A. L. Baldry.

L'Abreuvoir de Paris
au Printemps

Steinlen


G. CLAUSEN, 1902.

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF MONOTYPING IN COLOUR.

ONE medium may be more suitable for the particular purpose of the artist or better suited to his particular temperament than another; but it does not follow that the medium that conforms to the highest conditions can express the whole capability of the artist, any more than it can express the whole of the beauty of the subject. No doubt to work within the limits of any given material without revealing its limitations is in itself a great artistic attainment. With a medium exactly suited to the temperament and the particular purpose of the artist, it naturally follows that the conditions are favourable for an artistic success.

I must not for one moment presume to say that the art of monotyping as a medium is better than oil-painting or water-colour—as a matter of fact it is not—but by its employment certain qualities can be obtained which are peculiar and interesting. Simply put, a monotype is a painting upon a metal plate which is afterwards transferred to a sheet of paper by pressure, either by rubbing with the hand or, better still, by means of a press. The painting, as you will observe, is a means towards an end, and in that respect it differs widely from either an oil or a water-colour. As a means towards an end, it resembles the etched or engraved plate, but with the difference that the monotype painting is removed in one printing, while the etched or engraved plate admits of many proofs. This places the monotype in the same position as an ordinary painting, since you can but obtain one picture; and consequently it should be of the same value. In that respect, as a work of art, a monotype has certain interesting features, particularly as regards colour; in fact it is an oil-painting on paper, and combines some of the qualities of the depth of colour of oil-painting with the luminosity of water-colour. It possesses also some of the qualities of a well-printed proof from an etched plate. But

whatever may be the possibilities and characteristics of the monotype in colour, there is no doubt that it is a very interesting and very fascinating change of work.

The method of monotyping is to paint the picture upon a silvered or white-metal plate, afterwards transferring it to paper by means of rubbing, or by a copper-plate printing press. There is a peculiar charm in working upon the polished surface of a plate with oil-colours. With swift directness you can block in your picture, and then with brushes, stumps, or anything else suitable for the purpose, you can take out the lights or deepen the shadows. The colour can be manipulated with the greatest freedom until the picture is complete, but the plate must be kept warm so that the colours will work easily.

The plate must not, however, be too hot, or you may burn your paint; nor too cold, lest the press will not take off the colour. By a little experience you will discover the exact temperature required. You may work with the sure knowledge that any mistake can be rectified and any alteration easily made; and if you get into any serious trouble you can, as a last resource, wipe off all the colour and start once more with a clean plate. Moreover, you need have no fear of spoiling the surface you are working upon. These are distinct advantages. On the other hand, there are disadvantages which must be overcome. In the first place it is difficult, almost impossible, to do your work in monotype direct from nature, as it is absolutely necessary to keep the plate warm while you are working; the next and more serious drawback is that it is difficult to see, while working on the plate, the exact value of your colours, since the plate is darker than the paper upon which your picture is to be transferred; only experience can help you here; but with a little thought and a cool head there is no reason why a reasonable success should not be achieved. You must know your subject thoroughly, and must make up your mind what to do before starting; and then do it confidently and with courage, keeping before you the fact that you may try many times, and no matter how many failures, you can start again, until by practice and experience you will meet with

success. It is impossible to work over the painting after the first blocking in is done. It must be finished at once or your colour will be too dry to admit of the proper printing. Keep your plate warm and your head cool, that is half the battle in monotyping.

Now let us assume that you have complied with the foregoing suggestions, and that your plate is finished and ready for the press. You will have prepared your paper by carefully damping it with a sponge, and brushing it so that it lies flat and even. The plate is laid upon the bed of the press over a sheet of paper which is to serve as a guide to ensure the proper placing of the paper which is to receive the impression, the press blanket is to be laid carefully over it, and now comes the beginning of a process that is to give you success or failure. One cannot describe the excitement that runs through one's blood at the moment the press blankets are lifted and you see through the paper, made semi-transparent by the damping, the dim colours of your painting. You carefully lift the paper from the plate and your first monotype is before you, and with a somewhat strange and unexpected result. It is, of course, the reverse of your design, and the colour scheme which had looked somewhat turbid and low in tone comes out brilliantly strong, from the fact that the paper is lighter and of a texture different from the plate, and your colour scheme, which looked strange and unfamiliar while upon the plate, is now seen under very different conditions. There should be depth and brilliance due to the fact that in reality you have an oil painting upon a paper ground; and although, as I have already said, monotyping is not a suitable process for painting from nature, it has nevertheless the greatest claim for recognition in that it is a complete change of method—the pursuit of art by a different means—which should be stimulating and refreshing, and which should bring into play some qualities which are not essentially called into action by other methods. "A change of work is as good as play." Here is a change as complete as possible, with all the excitement and some of the elements of uncertainty which give it zest. And how delightful, after you have taken pains to fulfil all the necessary conditions, to

find that from the metal plate bearing your autographic picture has come a unique work of art!

The monotype which appeared in Part I. of this publication is from a pencil drawing of a little bit in that beautiful lagoon land which lies between Abbeville and Amiens in the Valley of the Somme. I do not claim for it any excellent qualities—it is but a sketch upon a metal plate—but I think it shows the peculiar qualities of monotyping better than if it had been a more finished work; it demonstrates more fully with what directness one can obtain a certain result. You will observe that, in the treatment of this plate, the clouds were wiped off after the sky was painted. I use for that purpose a piece of linen rag. The light trunks of the trees were also taken out, but with the handle of a brush. I would not insist, however, upon the use of these particular things, for half the pleasure of the work lies in the discovery for yourself of the tools best adapted to the subject you have in hand.

ALFRED EAST.

THE INVENTION AND DEVELOPMENT OF HERKOMER-GRAVURE.

THAT the invention of a practical and convenient process of auto-engraving should have been successfully attempted by such an artist as Professor von Herkomer may be regarded as quite in accordance with the fitness of things. A painter who had devoted a considerable amount of his working time to exhaustive investigation of the possibilities of etching, mezzotinting, and other forms of engraving, would naturally recognise the desirability of a technical device which would enable the actual handiwork of the artist to be reproduced without the intervention of photography, and without the interposition of anyone else as translator. He would, as a matter of course, welcome the chance of recording his ideas at first hand, and of avoiding the many mechanical difficulties which have to be overcome by every etcher or engraver who desires to accomplish works of permanent interest. To escape the long, slow labour required for the completion of a mezzotint plate, to save himself from the anxieties and accidents of etching, and yet to be able to produce a printing surface from which an almost unlimited number of impressions could be taken, would seem to him an achievement worth striving after most strenuously.

It appears to have been from the fascinations of the monotype that Professor von Herkomer got the first idea of a process by which the specific qualities of brushwork could be retained in a print. Like most other etchers, he had on occasions played with the device of painting subjects with printer's ink upon an unengraved plate, the results of which are called monotypes, because the plate, when put through a press, will give only a single impression; and he felt that if only some way could be discovered of treating this plate-painting so as to make it available for a series of printings, artists would have at their disposal a new reproductive method of infinite value. So he began to experiment systematically to see if there were any means by which the

conversion of the monotype into a print capable of repetition could be accomplished.

The first result of these experiments was a printing process which he patented under the name "Spongotype." In this the method of preparing the plate was practically the same as for a monotype. The metal surface was covered first with an ink compounded of German printing black, graphite and oil, which was laid on evenly with a lithographer's roller, and this black tone was wholly or partially wiped away so as to produce the variations from light to dark, which were required for the expression of the subject chosen. The black film was left untouched for the darkest tones, and was cleaned off entirely for the highest lights, and the intermediate shades were obtained by carefully gradating the thickness of the ink left upon the plate. As soon as the painting was completed, and before it had begun to dry, a fine dust made of bath-stone, bronze powder, and asphaltum was shaken over it, and when the whole thing had hardened sufficiently an electrotype was taken of it. As this electrotype reproduced all the tiny projections and depressions caused by the dust adhering to the ink, it had texture enough to print from, and it would give, under a press, results that up to a certain point were not unsatisfactory.

However, this was only a beginning. There were several details in the technical procedure which could obviously be improved, so as to make the process more workable and convenient. It was clearly desirable to discard the system of wiping out lights and half-tones from an uniformly dark ground; it was absolutely necessary to find some kind of ink which would not, by drying too rapidly, oblige the artist to hurry over his painting on the plate; and for the proper translation of subtle gradations a better method of granulating the printing surface had to be devised. Each of these problems the Professor succeeded in solving. He invented an ink which would remain unchanged in consistency for many months, a glutinous mixture with something of the substance of oil paint. He substituted for the plain copper plate one with a silvered surface, and he discovered that by using a dusting powder

which was made up of grains of different sizes he could obtain electrotypes capable of printing the tenderest variations of light and shade.

When these improvements were finally settled, after a fresh series of careful experiments, the value of his invention was very greatly increased. There was no longer any question about its adaptability to any of the purposes for which it might be required, and no mechanical difficulties remained to hamper the artist who might wish to use it for the expression of his ideas. In its present form the process is perfectly straightforward. It can be handled successfully by every painter who knows the rudiments of his own craft, and the rendering of every touch which he puts upon the plate is so exact in the electrotype used for printing from, that even the most minutely detailed subjects can be faithfully interpreted. What appears upon the paper after the plate has gone through the press, is simply what the painter has executed at the outset; his own skill determines the value of the engraving, and he knows that he can depend absolutely upon the mechanism at his disposal to help him to do himself full credit.

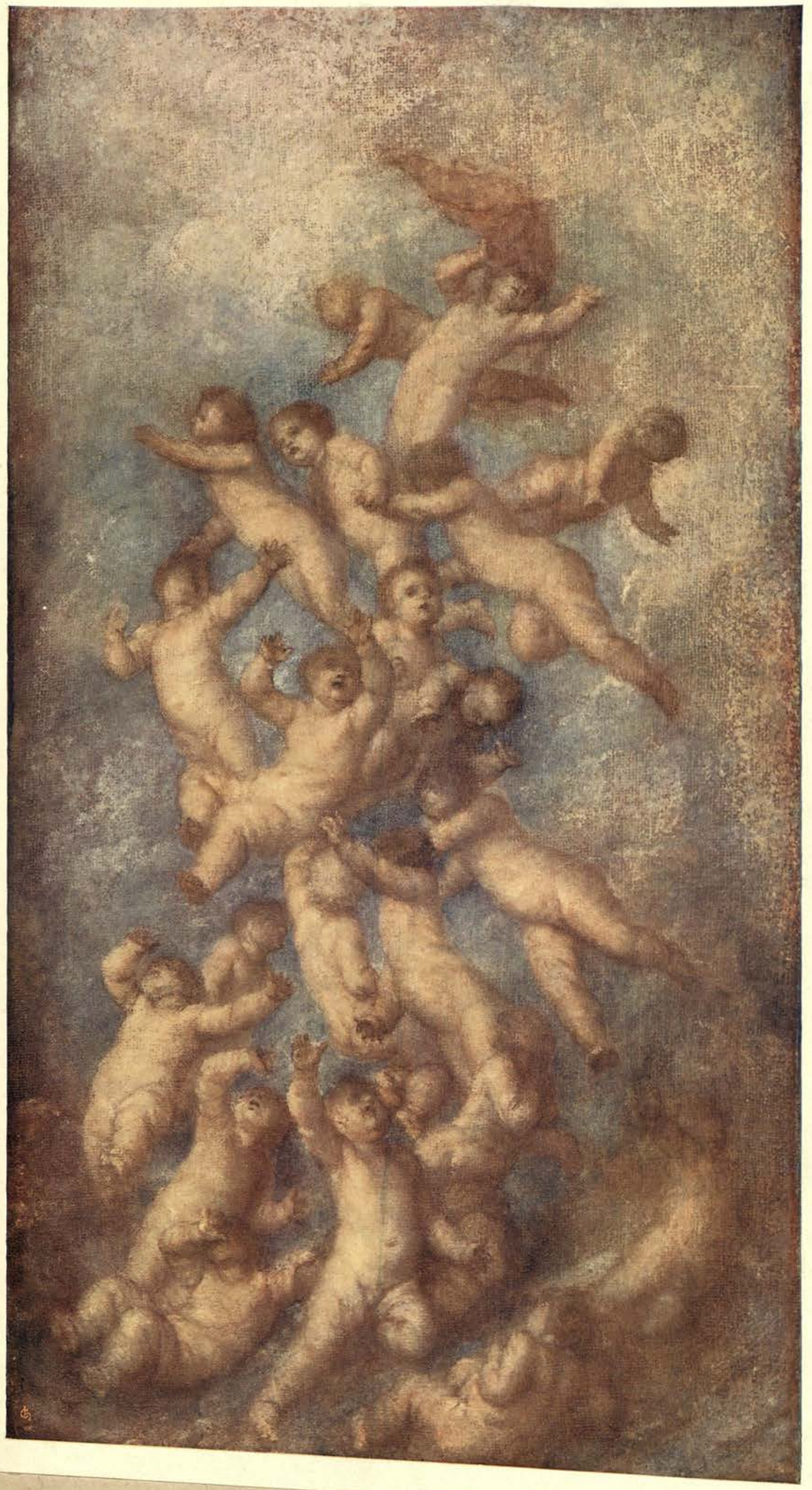
In its actual working this method of auto-engraving does not now differ from ordinary monochrome painting upon paper. The silvered plate has practically a white surface, and on it the black ink tells at its true tone value. The artist proceeds as in water-colour, leaving the ground untouched for the highest lights, and using the ink thinly for gentle tones and thickly for the darker shades. The amount of the ink varies considerably, of course, in different parts of the painting; in very delicate passages there would be the merest film just clouding the surface of the plate, and where more definite effects or deeper shadows are required there would be all degress of thickness in the ink up to solid touches of absolute black. The result is a painting which—as it is executed in a semi-solid material—has much more definite projections in the darks than in the lights, and varies in texture from polished smoothness, where the metal plate is not covered, to the roughness of free and decided brushwork, where the ink has been more or less heaped up to represent a very deep shadow. This variation in relief

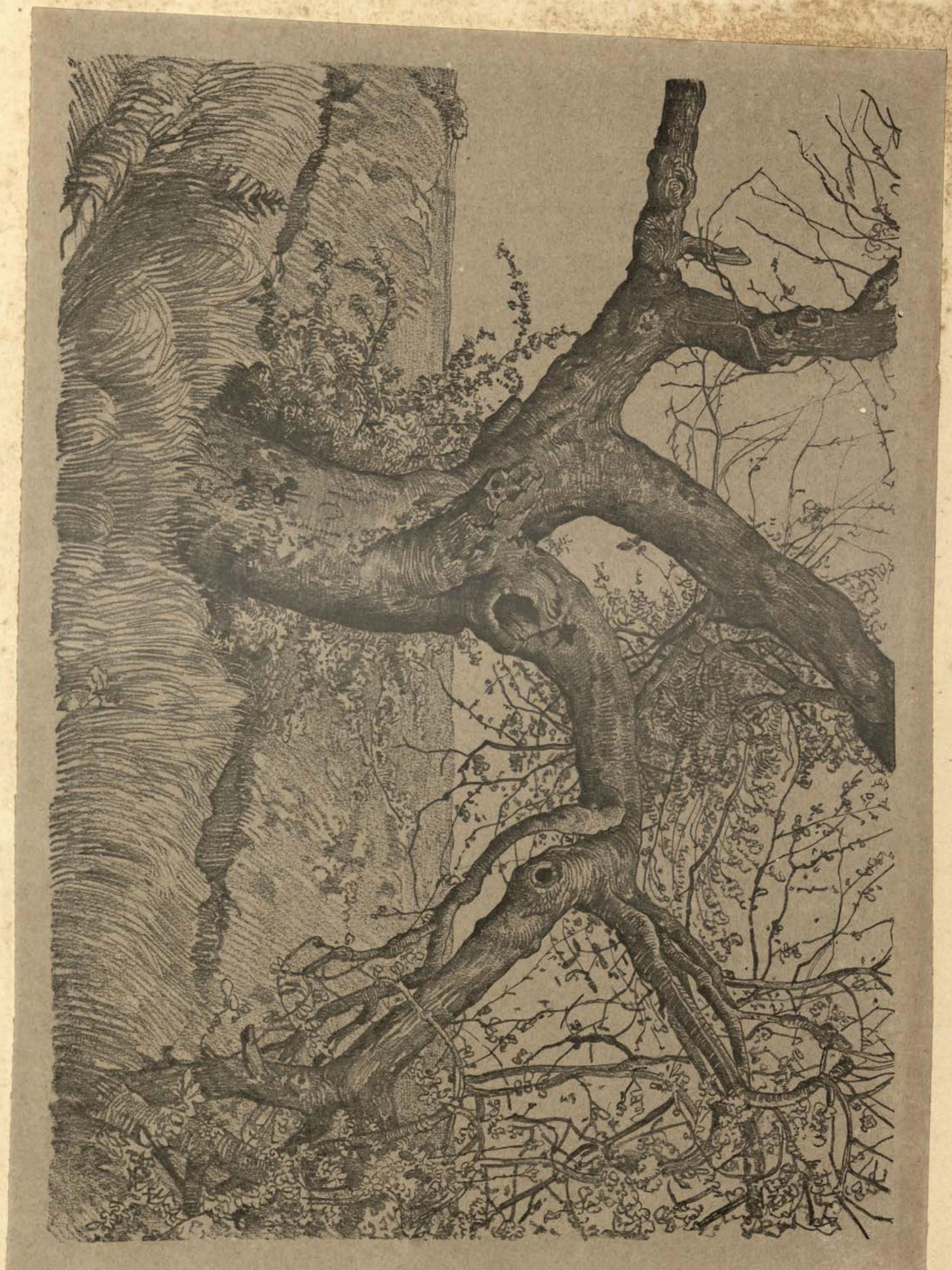
plays a very important part in the subsequent translation of the painting into a plate fit to print from.

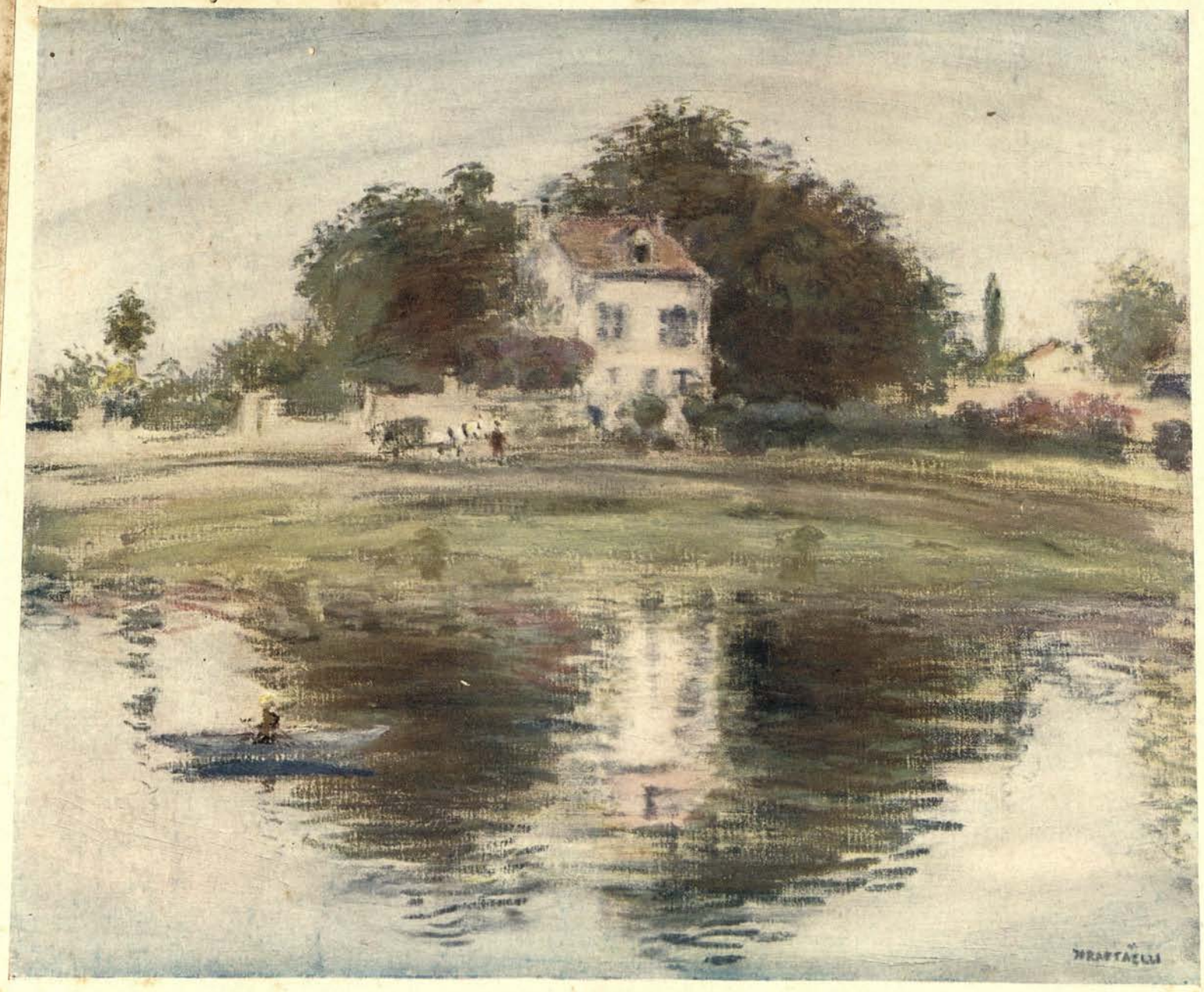
One of the points established by Professor von Herkomer's experiments was, that if the painting were dusted with the powder made up of grains of different sizes, the small grains only would adhere to the thin films of ink, and the larger ones to the more solid masses. Therefore, when the dusted plate is put into the electrotyping bath, the electrotype that results reproduces perfectly the variety of granulation which is necessary for efficient and effective printing. As in an etching the shadows are produced by strong lines deeply bitten, and the fainter details by much finer lines only slightly acted on by the acid, so in this auto-engraving, the parts of the plate which are intended to be the darkest have a very decided grain, and the others an extremely delicate granulation. What the Professor has done, however, has been to make this necessary arrangement of texture purely automatic. The ink selects the appropriate grains out of the powder that falls upon it from the dusting box, and the electrotype records the selection quite infallibly. Chance is entirely eliminated, and from the moment when the painting leaves the artist's hands until the reversed plate, ready for printing, is put into the press, the translating process goes on naturally and mechanically.

Sufficient proof has been already provided of the capabilities of this ingenious invention. Professor von Herkomer has naturally used it for the production of many important works, and has executed with its assistance engravings which are without question entitled to rank with his most distinguished achievements in etching or mezzotint. That it is convenient, expressive, and direct, that it will serve well the painter who wishes to depend upon it, and that it will do all that its inventor claims for it, are facts indisputable.

A. L. Baldry.






RAFFAELLI

WATER-COLOUR

"BOATS IN A BREEZE"

FROM THE DRAWING BY

GASTON LA TOUCHE

(By permission of Mrs. Charles Holme)

THE PENCIL AND THE PEN AS INSTRUMENTS OF ART

THE language of the brush was once clearly distinguished from the language of the point. Before the days of Fortuny, the term "drawing" meant drawing by line; but nowadays it means rendering the true form of object by obliterating line altogether. Thus form has come to be analysed (we quote from a work by the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse), "not by the boundaries of contours and lines of construction," as was the case in the beginning of the last century, "but by all the innumerable and indefinite spaces of all sizes and shapes, differing in tone and colour, which go to make up the appearance of a solid body. This is the language of the brush as distinguished from the language of the point. But modern practice has gone even beyond this, and drawing with the point now apes drawing with the brush."

This quotation states with sufficient clearness the development in the use of the pen and pencil as instruments of art, and so far as it goes, there is nothing in it to quarrel with. But we would carry the inquiry a step further, and consider the advantages to be derived from point drawing. Strictly speaking, there are no outlines in Nature, inasmuch as objects are relieved from one another in great masses of light colours or of dark. They do exist, however, as a convention of Art, and Art without her conventions would be nothing. Indeed, there is something quite instinctive in the recognition and the use of line. This is proved by the readiness with which children recognise a portrait drawn in outline rather than one that is elaborately shaded. In this way all the earliest drawings were done; and the tendency to discard the method as false to Nature and a break in the continuity of colour marks an art movement that is the result of a progressive change in the consciousness that a man has of the things he looks at. In plainer words, we begin by seeing objects so detached from their

surroundings that they actually seem outlined; nor do these lines of construction melt away and become more or less indistinct to our vision until the eye has been sufficiently trained to enable it to take in the object as a whole in its relation to its surroundings. An illustration will make our meaning quite clear. For some time, an antique figure, as every art student knows, stands out in a trenchant manner from its background, the lighted side being as white as the shaded side is dark. Then, little by little, the shadows become full of subtle tones of grey, and the lights are seen to be infinitely modulated. When this point is reached, the eyes really *see* that antique figure, and its contours grow quite musical in the rhythm of their form.

It is precisely at this stage, we are told, that the exercise of pure line draughtsmanship should give way to the practice of drawing—say, with the stump, which is a sort of painting in black-and-white. Well, with this advice we have no fault to pick, always provided it be followed under the watchful guidance of a master. Now, many of the leading masters (Professor Legros, for one) stretch this saving clause of ours to the extent of giving it a much wider—nay, even a very different—meaning; they are, in fact, warmly in favour of continuing pure line draughtsmanship to the very end of a student's career in the schools. This precaution of theirs cannot fairly be counted excessive either. Certainly there is a grave danger in forsaking line work in too great a hurry, for the simple reason that a more painter-like form of drawing is apt to produce slovenliness in the pupil by dint of its power to hide a multitude of imperfections. This may be said in favour of point drawing, that, whether with pen, pencil, or crayon, it has one super-eminent virtue —namely, the facility with which it renders the significance of forms with the most minute accuracy. It was for this reason that the most famous school of pure draughtsmanship, the Florentine School, and the artists most renowned for pure draughtsmanship—*e.g.* Mantegna, Raphael, Leonardo—made immense use in their studies of pen and pencil, or of silver-point, which is practically the same thing as pencil. The same

remark applies to masters of later days, like Ingres; and in our own times we had the instance of Burne-Jones.

Indeed, Burne-Jones had no hesitation in declaring the pencil to be *the* instrument above all others for students; it puts them, his expression was, through the necessary "monastic discipline." He himself, at any rate in the best period of his work, seems to have used, in preference to anything else, a somewhat hard pencil on smoothish paper, and with it his most careful studies of the figure and of drapery were done. For young students, certainly, nothing could be better, as a means of training, than a pencil that is not too soft. A hardish pencil has many advantages for them. It not only enables them to render contours accurately, but is easy of correction, and does not lend itself to slap-dash work and showing-off. With it, too, the utmost subtleties of curvature may be followed and realised.

The modern fancy of putting a brush into a young student's hands at once, and setting him to copy natural objects with it, has a good deal to be said for it, as effects are thus readily produced, and so the student is cheered on. But it should be allowed mainly as a relaxation from the severer and more searching study of pure form with the point of a hard pencil or a piece of chalk. And this sterner discipline no artist will ever wholly relinquish so long as he maintains his seriousness. Even for studies of light and shade on a smallish scale, young students may profitably employ a pencil. It is likely to induce in them a finer sense of chiaroscuro than either chalk or paint, partly because the pencil's tone is a light but rich grey, and partly because there is an inclination with all students to misuse any instrument that produces black. Pure black is non-existent in nature, and a little training with a hard lead pencil is an excellent thing to kindle a liking for grey drawings no less than a distaste for black ones. But, of course, such studies will be of no great size, for the labour then would be too exhausting and the effect too slight. To try and get over this by using very soft, dark pencils is not to be encouraged, for such pencils serve no purpose that chalk and charcoal do not serve better. The main idea of a pencil, then, is that of a fine, hard-pointed instrument.

The Pencil and the Pen as Instruments of Art.

When the student period is over and a man has served his apprenticeship and is free to produce his art as the spirit moves him, the pencil, in varying degrees of hardness and softness, may often be handled with great individuality of touch and charm of effect. Take, by way of example, Prout's architectural drawings; Cotman's landscapes in strong, dark masses; the pencil portraits of Mr. G. F. Watts at Holland House, or Burne-Jones's drawings of compositions in broken line on tracing paper. It would be interesting to give further examples of admirable pencil work, if space permitted. Think, for instance, of Turner's wondrous outlined views of Rome; and remember that the whole water-colour art of England was founded on the necessity of making, for the engravers of the period, beautiful and exact tinted drawings of topographical scenes in all parts of the British Isles. The pencil draughtsmanship of Cozens, Malton, Hearne, Edridge, and many others of the earlier masters, like Ibbetson and Hills and Girtin, was as singularly delicate as it was firm and sensitive. Not less worthy of honourable mention here are the truly wonderful pencil-studies made by William Twopeny, who has yet to be recognised at a very much higher value than that which his name suggests.

But still, upon the whole, the pencil, even in the hands of the masters, is an instrument for notes and studies rather than for completed work; and it is for notes and studies that the masters have chiefly used it. Even Mr. Ruskin, who drew deliciously with the pencil, enforced its tone, in most of his larger drawings, with slight washes of neutral tint. This was Prout's custom also, and Prout merely continued a tradition of the earliest school of English water-colour. The great Alfred Stevens—the English Alfred Stevens, a sadly neglected genius—emphasised certain parts of his pencil drawings with the pen, and by this means obtained charming effects. Thus the blending of pen and pencil may at times be as useful as Watteau found that of sanguine and the bluish-grey Italian chalk.

All this praise of the pencil may seem excessive to a great many persons, for the pencil is not now so popular in Europe as it used

to be. But we cannot but hope that the example of such living artists as Professor Legros, Mr. P. Dupont, and Mr. E. Borough-Johnson, will be followed by a more general recognition of the merits of the pencil as a vehicle of artistic expression, to the end that the virtue of pencil-work may become a settled discipline in the training of art students. We believe, indeed, that the use of the pencil in the life schools would be an excellent thing for occasional studies, particularly if the shading were put in with simple and broad washes of Indian ink or sepia. The practice of laying simple washes of colour was one to which Turner and his contemporaries owed in a great measure their early precision with the brush. And when this brush-work goes hand-in-hand with good point drawing, the student cannot but benefit materially. We throw this out as a suggestion, in the belief that it is well to interrupt from time to time the kind of draughtsmanship in vogue in the schools, art students finding an interest in variety.

Now, if the pencil is to be compared with silver-point, the pen in many ways reminds us of the etching-needle. With equal freedom, it lends itself to the expression of individuality. It is the most delightfully responsive instrument to the mood of the moment. It can be used with the utmost rigour of accuracy, or with the most playful license imaginable. But there are pens and pens—the fine steel or glass pen of Vièrge and Fortuny; the broad, strong reed pens of the old Italian masters, of Raphael and of Claude; and, lastly, the pens (quill ones, probably), of Rowlandson and Jean François Millet.

For purposes of study, if a pencil will give you accuracy and lithe definition of contours, a pen will give them in an even greater degree. With a stroke as fine as the finest hair you can follow every minute intricacy of varying contour, and yet the effect shall be full of force. And this is not all. The pen differs also from the pencil in this respect, that not only can finished works be produced by it of the utmost strength, richness, and individuality of appeal, but in water-colours the pen may often play a large part in the finished result with the

happiest of happy effects, giving to them a certain quality of strength which nothing else can possibly give. As an example of the former use of the pen, take such a picture as Rossetti's *Christ in the House of Simon the Pharisee*, or Burne-Jones's *Wise and Foolish Virgins*, or, if you like, some of Sandys' drawings. As an illustration of the latter practice the reader may be referred to Adrian van Ostade's highly-coloured water-colours, of which there are some superb examples in the Print Room of the British Museum. In these works all the objects are defined with a thin line of black ink. In Rowlandson's coloured landscapes the pen-line is broader and paler. But delightful as Rowlandson is, it is doubtful whether his mastery of line was ever so free or so varied as that which Jean François Millet displays in his wonderful tinted drawing of *The Goose Girl*.

Only space enough is left for one more point, and that is the peculiar and subtle quality of line which the pen gives in drawing. This quality, since the introduction of the pen-work best suited for process reproduction, has become exceedingly uncommon, but it is still preserved in the pen-studies of Mr. Selwyn Image, and also in the admirable but scarcely known sketches of Mr. W. Holme Sullivan, an Irish artist who deserves recognition as a master in this form of art.

EDITORIAL NOTE

SOME attempt has been made in this volume to present, side by side, characteristic examples of a few of the varied styles or "schools" of painting and allied arts as practised at the present time. In pursuance of this aim no effort has been made to flatter the public taste by representing the work of its most popular artists. Popularity has a power of its own, but it is not necessarily a criterion of artistic merit; for it often shuns the vital and forceful, and patronises the meretricious and commonplace. The examples of work here gathered are intentionally of varied interest. What could be more marked than the contrast between such men of genius as G. F. Watts, Josef Israëls and J. S. Sargent; as A. Legros, Joseph Pennell and E. Chahine; or Frank Brangwyn, Albert Goodwin and Claude Monet? Had space permitted, these contrasting elements might have been materially enlarged. The work of numerous other men, British and Foreign, might, with advantage, have been included, but the limits of the book did not admit of further extension. Sufficient examples are represented, it is hoped, to give to students some practical insight into the many-sidedness of modern art and the variety of expression of which it is capable.

Another aim of the Editor has been to include in the volume all the most important of the methods of present-day art reproduction. Examples are therefore given of pure etched work and of mezzotint, and each example is printed with as much care as is customarily bestowed only upon "proof" impressions.

Thanks to the kindness and courtesy of Professor H. von Herkomer, R.A., an excellent example is included of the Herkomergravure process, which reproduces with wonderful fidelity those subtleties of brush-work that give such an abiding charm to good studies and sketches. Monotyping in colour has similar attractions, and Mr. East's article on the subject will help to popularise this process. It was not possible to

Editorial Note.

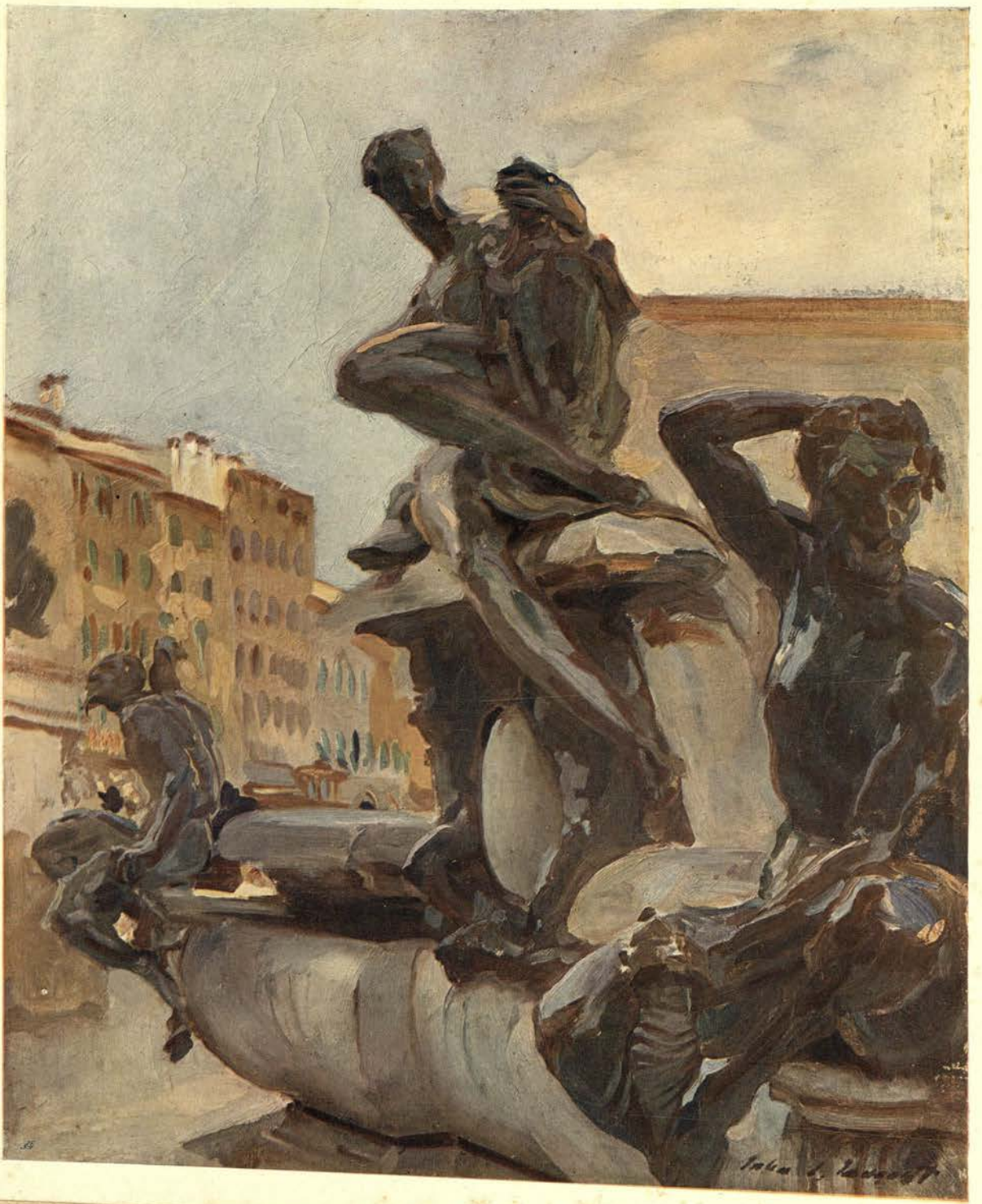
print Mr. East's monotype in the way described, as only one good impression can be obtained from a plate; but the reproduction, obtained by the chromo-typographic process, retains the character of the original, and will be helpful to students.

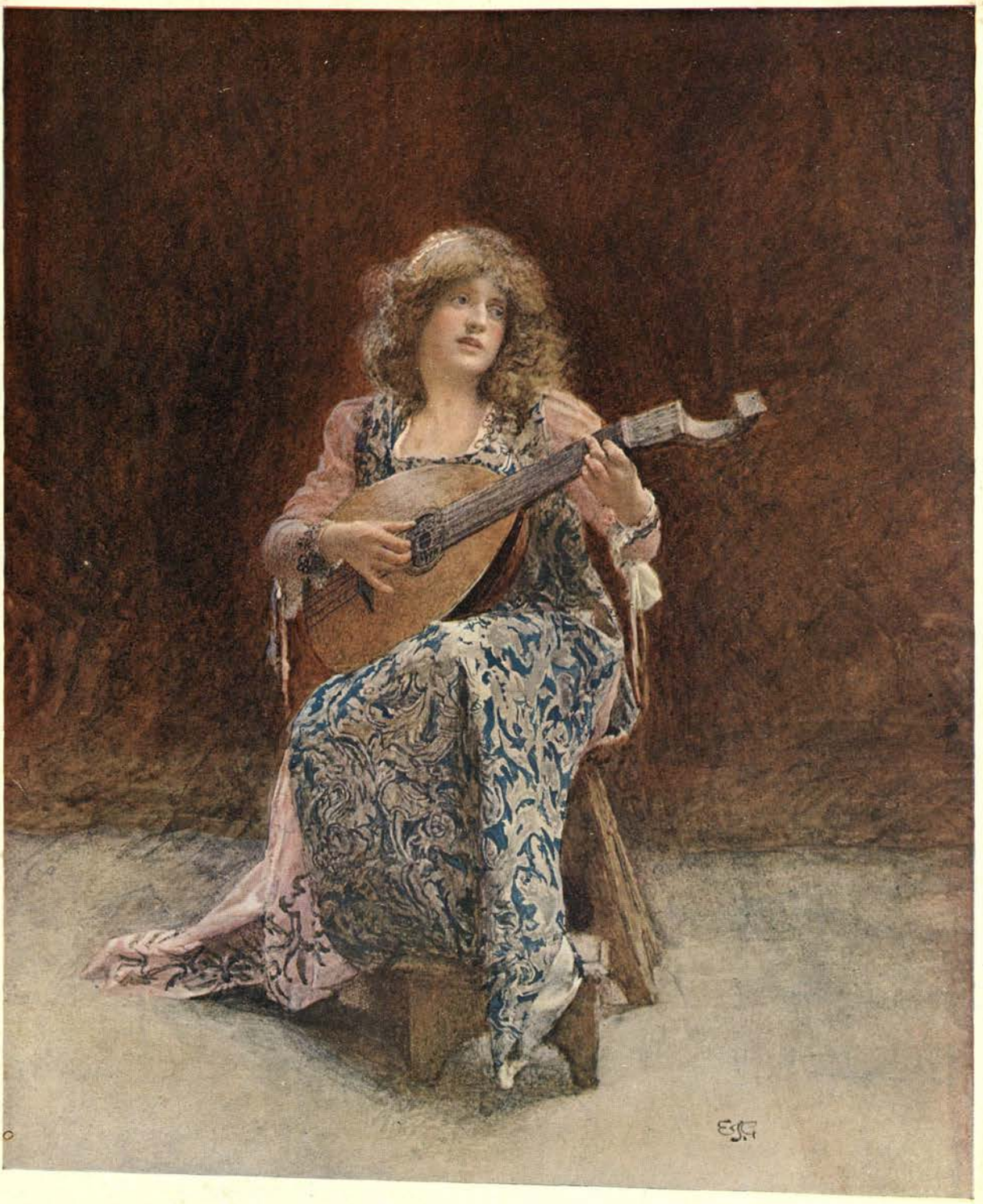
In the present work each plate has been printed separately with its own especial colours, and every care has been taken to make the reproductions as perfect as possible.

The chromo-lithograph by Henri Rivière is not a copy of a drawing executed in another medium, but an original achievement, each colour having been drawn by the artist upon the stone. As to the lithographs by H. H. La Thangue, Steinlen, and Frank Brangwyn, these are also direct impressions from the original drawings; and the woodcut by W. O. J. Nieuwenkamp is in all respects an original piece of work. Lithography and wood-engraving may fail in the future to compete with the facsimile processes invented and made efficient by modern science, but in the production of original work they may be relied upon to win for themselves a new popularity, equal to that which encourages the painter-etcher and the mezzotint engraver.

The pencil study by P. Dupont was reproduced in facsimile by a special half-tone pencil process, and it gives in every detail the qualities of the original drawing.

The Editor's hearty thanks are due to those artists and collectors who have kindly placed their work at his disposal for illustration in the present volume.





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